MISCELLANIES.

THE

THIRD VOLUME.

BY

Dr. *ARBUTHNOT*, Mr. *POPE*,
And Mr. *GAY*.

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By Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

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OF VOL. III.

Law is a Bottomless Pit.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

PUBLISH'D from

A MANUSCRIPT found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir *H. Polesworth*, in the Year 1712.

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OR, THE

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OF

JOHN BULL.

Purloined from

A Manuscript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir R. Walpole, in the Year 1712.

THE

PREFACE.

WHEN I was first called to the Office of Historiographer to John Bull, *he expressed himself to this Purpose:* * Sir *Humphry Polesworth,* I know you are a Plain-dealer; it is for that Reason I have chosen you for this important Trust; speak the Truth, and spare not. *That I might fufil those his honourable Intentions, I obtained leave to repair to, and attend him in his most secret Retirements; and I put the Journals of all Transactions into a strong Box, to be open'd at a fitting occasion, after the Manner of the Historiographers of some* Eastern *Monarchs: This I thought was the safest Way; tho' I declare I was never afraid to be* † chop'd *by my Master for telling of Truth. It is from those Journals that my Memoirs are compiled: Therefore let not Posterity a Thousand Years hence look for Truth in the voluminous Annals*

* A Member of Parliament, eminent for a certain Cant in his Conversation; of which there is a good deal in this Book.

† A Cant Word of Sir *Humphry*'s.

of Pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the secret Springs of great Actions; if they do, let me tell them they will be * Nebus'd.

With *incredible Pains have I endeavoured to copy the several Beauties of the antient and modern Historians; the impartial Temper of* Herodotus; *the Gravity, Austerity, and strict Morals of* Thucydides, *the extensive Knowledge of* Xenophon, *the Sublimity and Grandeur of* Titus Livius; *and to avoid the careless Style of* Polybius, *I have borrowed considerable Ornaments from* Dionysius Halicarnasseus *and* Diodorus Siculus. *The* specious Gilding *of* Tacitus *I have endeavoured to shun.* Mariana, Davila, *and* Fra. Paulo, *are those amongst the Moderns whom I thought most worthy of Imitation, but I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite Obligations I have to the* Pilgrims Progress *of* John Bunyan, *and the* Tenter Belly *of the Reverend* Joseph Hall.

From *such Encouragement and Helps, it is easy to guess to what a Degree of Perfection I might have brought this great Work, had it not been nipt in the Bud by some illiterate People in both* Houses of Parliament, *who envying the great Figure I was to make in future Ages, under Pretence of raising Money for the War,* † *have padlock'd all those very Pens that were to celebrate the Actions of their Heroes, by silencing at once the whole University of* Grub-street. *I am persuaded that nothing but the Prospect of an approaching* Peace *could have encouraged them to make so bold a Step. But suffer me, in the Name of the rest of the Matriculates of that famous University, to ask them some plain Que-*

* Another Cant Word, signifying *deceiv'd.*

† Act restraining the Liberty of the Press, *&c.*

stions.

ſtions: Do they think that Peace will bring along with it the Golden Age? Will there be never a Dying Speech of a Traitor? Are Cethegus *and* Catiline *turn'd ſo tame, that there will be no Opportunity to cry about the Streets,* A Dangerous Plot? *Will Peace bring ſuch Plenty that no Gentleman will have Occaſion to go upon the Highway, or break into a Houſe? I am ſorry that the World ſhould be ſo much impoſed upon by the Dreams of a* Falſe Prophet, *as to imagine the* Millennium *is at hand.* O Grubſtreet! *thou fruitful Nurſery of tow'ring Genius's! How do I lament thy downfal? Thy Ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to* Engliſh Liberty: *No modern* Lycæum *will ever equal thy Glory: whether in ſoft Paſtorals thou did'ſt ſing the Flames of pamper'd Apprentices and coy Cook-Maids; or mournful Ditties of departing Lovers; or if to* Mæonian *Strains thou raiſedſt thy Voice, to record the Stratagems, the arduous Exploits, and the nocturnal Scalade of needy Heroes, the Terror of your peaceful Citizens, deſcribing the powerful* Betty *or the artful* Picklock, *or the ſecret Caverns or Grotto's of* Vulcan *ſweating at his Forge, and ſtamping the Queen's Image on viler Metals, which he retales for Beef, and Pots of Ale: or if thou wert content in ſimple Narrative, to relate the cruel Acts of implacable Revenge, or the Complaints of raviſh'd Virgins bluſhing to tell their Adventures before the liſtening Crowd of City Damſels; whilſt in thy faithful Hiſtory thou intermingleſt the graveſt Counſels and the pureſt Morals. Nor leſs acute and piercing wert thou in thy Search and pompous Deſcription of the Works of Nature; whether in proper and emphatick Terms thou didſt paint the blazing Comet's fiery Tail, the ſtupendous Force of dreadful Thunder and Earthquakes, and the unrelenting Inundations. Sometimes, with* Machiavelian *Sa-*

gacity, thou unravelledst Intrigues of State, and the traiterous Conspiracies of Rebels, giving wise Counsel to Monarchs. How didst thou move our Terror and our Pity with thy passionate Scenes between Jack-Catch *and the Heroes of the* Old-Bailey! *How didst thou describe their intrepid March up* Holbourn-Hill! *nor didst thou shine less in thy Theological Capacity, when thou gavest ghostly Counsel to dying Felons, and didst record the guilty Pangs of Sabbath-breakers. How will the noble Arts of* * John Overton's *Painting and Sculpture now languish! where rich Invention, proper Expression, correct Design, divine Attitudes, and artful Contrast, heighten'd with the Beauties of* Clar. Obscur. *embellish'd thy celebrated Pieces, to the Delight and Astonishment of the judicious Multitude! Adieu, persuasive Eloquence! the quaint Metaphor, the poignant Irony, the proper Epithet, and the lively Simile, are fled for ever! Instead of these, we shall have,* I know not what! —— † The illiterate will tell the rest with Pleasure!

I hope, *the Reader will excuse this Digression, due by way of Condolance to my worthy Brethren of* Grub-street, *for the approaching Barbarity that is likely to overspread all its Regions, by this oppressive and exorbitant Tax. It has been my good Fortune to receive my Education there; and so long as I preserv'd some Figure and Rank amongst the Learned of that Society, I scorn'd to take my Degree either at* Utrecht *or* Leyden, *tho' I was offer'd it* gratis *by the professors in those Universities.*

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* The Engraver of the Cuts before the *Grubstreet* Papers.

† *Vid.* Bishop of St. *Asaph*'s Preface.

And

And *now, that Posterity may not be ignorant in what Age so excellent a History was written (which would otherwise, no doubt be the Subject of its Enquiries) I think it proper to inform the Learned of future Times, that it was compiled when* Lewis *the* XIVth *was King of* France, *and* Philip *his Grandson, of* Spain; *when* England *and* Holland, *in conjunction with the* Emperor *and the* Allies, *enter'd into a War against these two Princes, which lasted Ten Years, under the* Management *of the Duke of* Marlborough, *and was put to a Conclusion by the Treaty of* Utrecht, *under the Ministry of the Earl of* Oxford; *in the Year* 1713.

Many *at that time did imagine the History of* John Bull, *and the Personages mentioned in it, to be* Allegorical, *which the Author would never own. Notwithstanding, to indulge the Reader's Fancy and Curiosity, I have printed at the bottom of the Page the* suppos'd *Allusions of the most obscure Parts of the Story.*

THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

CHAP. I.

The Occasion of the Law-Suit.

I Need not tell you of the great Quarrels that have happen'd in our Neighbourhood, since the death of the late * Lord *Strutt*; how the ‡ Parson, and a cunning Attorney, got him to settle his Estate upon his Cousin *Philip Baboon*, to the great disappointment of his Cousin Esquire *South*. Some stick not to say, that the Parson and the Attorney forged a Will, for which they were well paid by the Fa-

* Late K. of *S*. ‡ Card. *Portocarero*.

mily

mily of the *Baboons:* Let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the Honour and Estate have continued ever since in the Person of *Philip Baboon.*

You know that the Lord *Strutts* have for many years been possess'd of a very great Landed Estate, well-condition'd, wooded, watered, with Coal, Salt, Tin, Copper, Iron, *&c.* all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that Family to be the Property of their Stewards, Tradesmen, and inferior Servants, which has brought great Incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living, has forc'd them to mortgage their best Manors: It is credibly reported, that the Butchers and Bakers Bill of a Lord *Strutt* that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When *Philip Baboon* came first to the possession of the Lord *Strutt*'s Estate, his * Tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him Joy, and bespeak his Custom: The two chief were, † *John Bull* the Clothier, and ‖ *Nic. Frog* the Linnen-draper: They told him, That the *Bulls* and *Frogs* had serv'd the Lord *Strutts* with Drapery-ware for many years; that they were honest and fair dealers; that their Bills had never been question'd; that the Lord *Strutts* liv'd generously, and never us'd to dirty their fingers with Pen, Ink, and Counters; that his Lordship might depend upon their Honesty

* The first Letters of Congratulation from K. *W*— and the States of *H*—*d*, upon K. *P*——'s Accession to the Crown of *Sp*——.

† The English. ‖ The Dutch.

that

that they would use him as kindly as they had done his Predecessors. The young Lord seem'd to take all in good part, and dismiss'd them with a deal of seeming Content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable Maxims of his Predecessors.

Chap. II.

How Bull *and* Frog *grew jealous that the Lord* Strutt *intended to give all his Custom to his Grandfather* Lewis Baboon.

IT happen'd unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young Lord had an old cunning Rogue, or (as the *Scots* call it) a *false Loon*, of a Grandfather, that one might justly call a *Jack of all Trades*; sometimes you would see him behind his * Counter selling Broad-cloth, sometimes measuring Linnen; next day he would be dealing in Mercery-ware, high Heads, Ribbons, Gloves, Fans, and Lace he understood to a nicety; *Charles Mather* could not bubble a young Beau better with a Toy; nay, he would descend ev'n to the selling of Tape, Garters, and Shoe-buckles: When shop was shut up, he would go about the Neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young Men and Maids to dance. By these Methods he had acquired im-

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* The Character and Trade of the *French* Nation.

mense

menſe Riches, which he uſed to ſquander † away at Back-ſword, Quarter-ſtaff, and Cudgel-play, in which he took great pleaſure, and challeng'd all the Country. You will ſay it is no wonder if *Bull* and *Frog* ſhould be jealous of this fellow. " It is not impoſſi-
" ble (ſays *Frog* to *Bull*) but this old Rogue will
" take the Management of the young Lord's Buſineſs
" into his hands; beſides the raſcal has good ware,
" and will ſerve him as cheap as any body. In that
" caſe, I leave you to judge what muſt become of
" us and our families; we muſt ſtarve, or turn
" journeymen to old *Lewis Baboon*; therefore, neigh-
" bour, I hold it adviſeable, that we write to young
" Lord *Strutt*, to know the bottom of this Matter.

CHAP. III.

A Copy of Bull *and* Frog's *Letter to Lord* Strutt.

My LORD,

I *Suppoſe your Lordſhip knows that the* Bulls *and the* Frogs *have ſerved the Lord* Strutts *with all ſorts of Drapery-ware, Time out of Mind: And whereas we are jealous, not without reaſon, that your Lordſhip intends henceforth to buy of your Grandſire old* Lewis Baboon; *This is to inform your Lordſhip, that this Proceeding does not ſuit with the Circumſtances of our Families, who have lived and made a*

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† The King's Diſpoſition to War.

good

good Figure in the world by the Generosity of the Lord Strutts. *Therefore we think fit to acquaint your Lordship, that you must find sufficient Security to us, our Heirs and Assigns, that you will not employ* Lewis Baboon; *or else we will take our Remedy at* Law, *clap an Action upon you of* 20000 l. *for old Debts, seize and distrain your Goods and Chattels, which, considering your Lordship's Circumstances, will plunge you into Difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your Lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of,*

Your loving Friends,

John Bull.
Nic. Frog.

Some of *Bull*'s Friends advised him to take gentler Methods with the young Lord; but *John* naturally lov'd rough play. It is impossible to express the Surprize of the Lord *Strutt* upon the Receipt of this Letter; he was not flush in *Ready*, either to go to Law, or clear old Debts, neither could he find good Bail: He offered to bring Matters to a friendly Accommodation; and promis'd upon his word of honour, that he would not change his Drapers; but all to no purpose, for *Bull* and *Frog* saw clearly, that old *Lewis* would have the cheating of him.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How Bull *and* Frog *went to Law with Lord* Strutt *about the Premises, and were joyn'd by the rest of the Tradesmen.*

ALL endeavours of Accommodation between Lord *Strutt* and his Drapers prov'd vain, Jealousies increas'd, and indeed it was rumour'd abroad that Lord *Strutt* had bespoke his new Liveries of old *Lewis Baboon*. This coming to Mrs. *Bull*'s ears, when *John Bull* came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs. *Bull*, you must know, was very apt to be cholerick. * *You Sot*, says she, *you loiter about Alehouses and Taverns, spend your Time at Billiards, Ninepins, or Puppet-shows, or flaunt about the Streets in your new gilt Chariot, never minding me nor your numerous Family. Don't you hear how Lord* Strutt *has bespoke his Liveries at* Lewis Baboon's *Shop? Don't you see how that old Fox steals away your Customers, and turns you out of your Business every day, and you sit like an idle Drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon't; up Man, rouze thyself; I'll sell to my Shift before I'll be so used by that Knave.* You must think Mrs. *Bull* had been pretty well tun'd up by *Frog*, who chim'd in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to Council learned in the Law they go, who unanimously assur'd

* The Sentiments and Addresses of the P———t at that Time.

'em

'em both of Justice and infallible Success of their Law-Suit.

I told you before, that old *Lewis Baboon* was a sort of a *Jack of all Trades*, which made the rest of the Tradesmen jealous, as well as *Bull* and *Frog*; they hearing of the Quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining against old *Lewis Baboon*, provided that *Bull* and *Frog* would bear the Charges of the Suit; even lying *Ned* the Chimney-sweeper of *Savoy*, and *Tom* the *Portugal* Dustman, put in their Claims, and the Cause was put into the hands of *Humphry Hocus* the Attorney.

A Declaration was drawn up, to shew "That "*Bull* and *Frog* had undoubted right by Prescrip- "tion to be Drapers to the Lord *Strutts*; that there "were several old Contracts to that purpose; that "*Lewis Baboon* had taken up the Trade of Clo- "thier and Draper, without serving his Time or "purchasing his Freedom; that he sold Goods that "were not marketable, without the Stamp; that "he himself was more fit for a Bully than a Trades- "man, and went about through all the Country "Fares, challenging people to fight Prizes, Wrestling "and Cudgel-play; and abundance more to this pur- "pose.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The true Characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog, *and* Hocus. *

FOR the better understanding the following History, the Reader ought to know, that *Bull*, in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, cholerick, bold, and of a very unconstant Temper; he dreaded not old *Lewis* either at Back-sword, single Faulchion, or Cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best Friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: If you flatter'd him, you might lead him like a child. *John*'s Temper depended very much upon the Air; his Spirits rose and fell with the Weatherglass. *John* was quick, and understood his Business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his Accounts, or more cheated by Partners, Apprentices, and Servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon Companion, loving his Bottle and his Diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better House than *John*, nor spent his Money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, *John* had acquir'd some Plumbs, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy Law-Suit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning sly whoreson, quite the reverse of *John* in many particulars; covet-

* Characters of the *E——sh* and *D——h*, and the *G—l* D. of *M*.

ous,

ous, frugal; minded domeſtic Affairs; would pinch his Belly to ſave his Pocket; never loſt a farthing by careleſs Servants, or bad Debtors. He did not care much for any ſort of Diverſions, except Tricks of *High German* Artiſts, and *Leger-de-Main*: No man exceeded *Nic.* in theſe; yet it muſt be owned, that *Nic.* was a fair Dealer, and in that way acquired immenſe Riches.

HOCUS was an old cunning Attorney; and tho' this was the firſt conſiderable Suit that ever he was engaged in, he ſhew'd himſelf ſuperior in Addreſs to moſt of his Profeſſion: He kept always good Clerks, he lov'd Money, was ſmooth-tongu'd, gave good words, and ſeldom loſt his Temper: He was not worſe than an Infidel, for he provided plentifully for his Family, but he lov'd himſelf better than them all: The Neighbours reported that he was Henpecked, which was impoſſible, by ſuch a mild-ſpirited Woman as his Wife was.

CHAP. VI.

*Of the various Succeſs of the * Law-Suit.*

LAW is a bottomleſs Pit, it is a Cormorant, a Harpy, that devours every thing. *John Bull* was flatter'd by the Lawyers that his Suit would not laſt above a year or two at moſt; that before that time he would be in quiet poſſeſſion of his Buſineſs;

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* The Succeſs of the War.

Yet ten long years did *Hocus* steer his Cause through all the *Meanders* of the Law, and all the Courts. No Skill, no Address was wanting; and, to say truth, *John* did not starve the Cause; there wanted not *Yellow-Boys* to Fee Council, hire Witnesses, and bribe Juries: Lord *Strutt* was generally cast, never had one Verdict in his Favour; and *John* was promis'd that the next, and the next, would be the final Determination; but alas! that final Determination and happy Conclusion was like an inchanted Island, the nearer *John* came to it, the further it went from him: New Trials upon new Points still arose; new Doubts, new Matters to be clear'd; in short, Lawyers seldom part with so good a Cause till they have got the Oyster, and their Clients the Shell. *John*'s ready Money, Book-Debts, Bonds, Mortgages, all went into the Lawyers Pockets: Then *John* began to borrow Money upon *Bank-Stock* and *East-India* Bonds; now and then a Farm went to pot: At last it was thought a good Expedient to set up Esquire *South*'s Title to prove the Will forg'd, and dispossess *Philip* Lord *Strutt* at once. Here again was a new Field for the Lawyers, and the Cause grew more intricate than ever. *John* grew madder and madder; where-ever he met any of Lord *Strutt*'s Servants, he tore off their Cloaths: Now and then you would see them come home naked, without Shoes, Stockings, and Linnen. As for old *Lewis Baboon*, he was reduced to his last Shift, tho' he had as many as any other: His Children were reduced from rich Silks to *Doily* Stuffs, his Servants in Rags, and bare-footed; instead of good Victuals, they now lived upon Neck-Beef, and Bullock's Liver: In short, no-body got much by the Matter, but the Men of Law.

CHAP. VII.

How John Bull *was so mightily pleased with his Success, that he was going to leave off his Trade, and turn Lawyer.*

IT is wisely observed by a great Philosopher, that Habit is a second Nature: This was verified in the Case of *John Bull*, who from an honest and plain Tradesman, had got such a haunt about the Courts of Justice, and such a Jargon of Law-words, that he concluded himself as able a Lawyer as any that pleaded at the Bar, or sat on the Bench: He was over-heard one day talking to himself after this manner. "* How "capriciously does Fate or Chance dispose of Man-"kind? How seldom is that Business allotted to a "man for which he is fitted by Nature? It is plain, "I was intended for a Man of Law: How did my "Guardians mistake my Genius in placing me like a "mean Slave behind a Counter? Bless me! what "immense Estates these fellows raise by the Law? "Besides, it is the Profession of a Gentleman: What "a pleasure is it to be victorious in a Cause? to "swagger at the Bar? What a Fool am I to drudge "any more in this Woollen Trade? for a Lawyer "I was born, and a Lawyer I will be; one is ne-"ver too old to learn." All this while *John* had

* The Manners and Sentiments of the Nation at that time.

conn'd over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the Devil; these he used to babble indifferently in all Companies, especially at Coffee-Houses; so that his neighbour Tradesmen began to shun his Company as a man that was crack'd. Instead of the Affairs of *Blackwell-Hall*, and Price of Broad-Cloth, Wool and Bayses, he talks of nothing but *Actions upon the Case*, *Returns*, *Capias*, *Alias capias*, *Demurrers*, *Venire facias*, *Replevins*, *Supersedeas's*, *Certiorari's*, *Writs of Error*, *Actions of Trover and Conversion*, *Trespasses*, *Precipes & Dedimus*. This was Matter of Jest to the Learned in Law; however, *Hocus*, and the rest of the Tribe, encourag'd *John* in his Fancy, assuring him, that he had a great Genius for Law; that they question'd not but in time, he might raise Money enough by it to reimburse him of all his Charges; that if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the Dignity of a Lord Chief Justice: As for the Advice of honest Friends and Neighbours, *John* despised it, he look'd upon them as fellows of a low Genius, poor groveling Mechanicks; *John* reckon'd it more Honour to have got one favourable Verdict, than to have sold a Bale of Broad-Cloth. As for *Nic. Frog*, to say the Truth, he was more prudent; for tho' he followed his Law-Suit closely, he neglected not his ordinary Business, but was both in Court and in his Shop at the proper hours.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

How John *discover'd that* Hocus *had an Intrigue with his Wife* *; *and what follow'd thereupon.*

JOHN had not run on a madding so long had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom *Hocus* perceiving *John* to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, *That the last Man of the Parish that knows of his Cuckoldom, is himself.* It was observed by all the Neighbourhood, that *Hocus* had dealings with *John*'s Wife, that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceiv'd by *John* a little too late: She was a luxurious jade, lov'd splendid Equipages, Plays, Treats and Balls, differing very much from the sober Manners of her Ancestors, and by no means fit for a Tradesman's Wife. *Hocus* fed her Extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with *John*'s own Money. Every body said that *Hocus* had a Month's Mind to her Body; be that as it will, it is Matter of Fact, that upon all Occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of *Hocus*. When *John* us'd to be finding fault with his Bills, she us'd to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest Benefactor; one that had taken so much Pains in his Law-Suit, and re-

* The Opinion at that Time of the G——l's tampering with the P————t.

trieved his Family from the Oppression of old *Lewis Baboon*. A good swinging Sum of *John*'s readiest Cash, went towards building of *Hocus*'s *Country-House*. This Affair between *Hocus* and Mrs. *Bull*, was now so open, that all the world were scandaliz'd at it; *John* was not so clod-pated, but at last he took the Hint. * The Parson of the Parish preaching one day with more Zeal than Sense against Adultery, Mrs. *Bull* told her Husband, that he was a very uncivil fellow to use such coarse language before people of condition: That *Hocus* was of the same mind, and that they would join to have him turn'd out of his Living for using Personal Reflections. How do you mean, says *John*, by Personal Reflections? I hope in God, Wife, he did not reflect upon you? "No, thank God, my "Reputation is too well established in the world "to receive any hurt from such a foul-mouth'd "Scoundrel as he; his Doctrine tends only to "make Husbands Tyrants, and Wives Slaves; must "we be shut up, and Husbands left to their Liber-"ty? Very pretty indeed! a Wife must never go "abroad with a Platonick to see a Play or a Ball; "she must never stir without her Husband; nor walk "in *Spring-Garden* with a Cousin. I do say, Hus-"band, and I will stand by it, that without the in-"nocent Freedoms of Life, Matrimony would be "a most intolerable State; and that a Wife's Vir-"tue ought to be the Result of her own Reason, "and not of her Husband's Government; for my "part, I would scorn a Husband that would be

* The Story of Dr. *Sacheverel*, and the Resentment of the H—— of C——s.

"jealous,

" jealous, if he saw a fellow a-bed with me." All this while *John*'s Blood boiled in his Veins: He was now confirmed in all his Suspicions; Jade, Bitch and Whore were the best words that *John* gave her. Things went from better to worse, till Mrs. *Bull* aimed a Knife at *John*, though *John* threw a Bottle at her head very brutally indeed: And after this, there was nothing but confusion: Bottles, Glasses, Spoons, Plates, Knives, Forks, and Dishes flew about like Dust; the Result of which was, * That Mrs. *Bull* received a Bruise in her right-side (of which she died half a year after.) The Bruise impostha-mated, and afterwards turned to a stinking Ulcer, which made every body shy to come near her, yet she wanted not the help of many able Physicians, who attended very diligently, and did what Men of Skill could do: but all to no purpose, for her Condition was now quite desperate, all regular Physicians, and her nearest Relations, having given her over.

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* The Opinion of the Tories about that House of C——s.

CHAP. IX.

How some Quacks undertook to cure Mrs. Bull *of her Ulcer.**

THERE is nothing so impossible in Nature, but Mountebanks will undertake; nothing so incredible, but they will affirm: Mrs. *Bull*'s Condition was looked upon as desperate by all the Men of Art; but there were those that bragg'd they had an infallible Ointment and Plaister, which being applied to the Sore, would cure it in a few days; at the same time they would give her a Pill that would purge off all her bad Humours, sweeten her Blood, and rectify her disturb'd Imagination: In spite of all Applications, the Patient grew worse every day; she stunk so, no body durst come within a Stone's Throw of her, except those Quacks who attended her close, and apprehended no danger. If one asked them how Mrs. *Bull* did? Better and better, said they; the Parts heal, and her Constitution mends; if she submits to our Government, she will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her Friends in the Country; that she should dance a Jigg next *October* in *Westminster-Hall*, and that her illness had been chiefly owing to bad Physicians. At last, one of them was sent

* Endeavours and Hopes of some People to hinder the Dissolution of that P————t.

for

for in great haste, his Patient grew worse and worse: When he came, he affirmed that it was a gross Mistake, and that she was never in a fairer way: Bring hither the Slave, says he, and give her a plentiful draught of my Cordial. As he was applying his Ointments, and administring the Cordial, the Patient gave up the Ghost, to the great Confusion of the Quack, and the great Joy of *Bull* and his Friends. The Quack flung away out of the House, in great disorder, and swore there was foul play, for he was sure his Medicines were infallible. Mrs. *Bull* having died without any Signs of Repentance or Devotion, the Clergy would hardly allow her a Christian Burial. The Relations had once resolved to sue *John* for the Murder, but considering better of it, and that such a Trial would rip up old Sores, and discover Things not so much to the Reputation of the deceased, they dropt their design. She left no Will, only there was found in her strong Box the following Words, wrote on a Scrip of Paper, *My Curse on* John Bull, *and all my Posterity, if ever they come to any Composition with the Lord* Strutt.

She left him three Daughters, whose * Names were *Polemia*, *Discordia*, and *Usuria*.

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* War, Faction, and Usury.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of John Bull's *second Wife, and the good Advice that she gave him.**

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and seeing that neither his Constitution, or the affairs of his Family could permit him to live in an unmarried State, he resolved to get him another Wife; a Cousin of his last Wife's was proposed, but *John* would have no more of the breed: In short, he wedded a sober Country Gentlewoman, of a good Family, and a plentiful fortune, the Reverse of the other in her Temper; not but that she loved money, for she was saving, and apply'd her fortune to pay *John*'s clamorous Debts, that the unfrugal methods of his last Wife, and this ruinous Law-Suit, had brought him into. One day, as she had got her Husband in a good humour, she talked to him after the following manner. "My dear, since I have been "your Wife, I have observed great abuses and disor-"ders in your Family; your Servants are mutinous "and quarrelsome, and cheat you most abominably; "your Cook-Maid is in a Combination with your "Butcher, Poulterer, and Fishmonger: your Butler "purloins your Liquor, and the Brewer sells your "Hogwash; your Baker cheats both in Weight and "in Tale; even your Milkwoman and your Nursery-"Maid have a fellow-feeling; your Taylor, instead "of shreads, cabages whole yards of Cloth; be-

* A new P——t; the Aversion of a Tory H—— of C——s to War.

"sides,

" fides, leaving ſuch long ſcores, and not going to " Market with ready Money, forces us to take bad " Ware of the Tradeſmen, at their own Price. You " have not poſted your Books theſe Ten years; how " is it poſſible for a man of Buſineſs to keep his Af- " fairs even in the World at this rate? 'Pray God " this *Hocus* be honeſt; would to God you would " look over his Bills, and ſee how matters ſtand be- " tween *Frog* and you; prodigious Sums are ſpent " in this Law Suit, and more muſt be borrowed " of Scriveners and Uſurers at heavy intereſt. Be- " ſides, my dear, let me beg of you to lay aſide " that wild Project of leaving your Buſineſs to turn " Lawyer, for which, let me tell you, Nature never " deſign'd you. Believe me, theſe Rogues do but " flatter, that they may pick your pocket; obſerve " what a parcel of hungry ragged Fellows live by " your Cauſe; to be ſure they will never make " an end on't; I foreſee this Haunt you have got " about the Courts, will one day or another, bring " your Family to beggary. Conſider, my dear, " how indecent it is to abandon your Shop, and " follow Pettifoggers; the Habit is ſo ſtrong upon " you, that there is hardly a Plea between two " Country Eſquires about a barren Acre upon a " Common, but you draw your ſelf in as Bail, " Surety or Sollicitor." *John* heard her all this while with Patience, till ſhe prick'd his Maggot, and touched him in the tender Point; then he broke out into a violent Paſſion, " What I not fit " for a Lawyer! let me tell you, my Clodpated " Relations ſpoil'd the greateſt Genius in the World, " when they bred me a Mechanick. Lord *Strutt*, " and his old Rogue of a Grandſire, have found to " their coſt, that I can manage a Law Suit as

" well

"well as another." "I don't deny what you ſay, "reply'd Mrs. *Bull*, nor do I call in Queſtion "your Parts; but, I ſay, it does not ſuit with "your Circumſtances: you and your Predeceſſors "have lived in good Reputation among your Neigh-"bours by this ſame Cloathing Trade, and it were "madneſs to leave it off. Beſides, there are few that "know all the Tricks and Cheats of theſe Law-"yers; does not your own Experience teach you, "how they have drawn you on from one Term "to another, and how you have danc'd the Round "of all the Courts, ſtill flattering you with a "final iſſue, and, for ought I can ſee, your Cauſe "is not a bit clearer than it was Seven Years "ago." "I will be damn'd, ſays *John*, if I ac-"cept of any Compoſition from *Strutt* or his "Grandfather; I'll rather wheel about the Streets "an Engine to grind Knives and Sciſſars; however, "I'll take your Advice, and look over my Ac-"compts.

CHAP. XI.

How John *look'd over his Attorney's Bill.**

WHEN *John* firſt brought out the Bills, the Surprize of all the Family was unexpreſſible, at the prodigious dimenſions of them, they would have meaſured with the beſt Bale of Cloth in *John*'s

* Looking over the Accounts.

Shop.

Shop. Fees to Judges, puny Judges, Clerks, Prothonotaries, Philizers, Chirographers, Under-clerks, Proclamators, Council, Witnesses, Jury-men, Marshals, Tipstaffs, Cryers, Porters; for Enrollings, Exemplifications, Bails, Vouchers, Returns, Caveats, Examinations, Filings of Words, Entries, Declarations, Replications, Recordats, *Nolle Prosequi's*, *Certiorari's*, *Mittimus's*, Demurrers, Special Verdicts, Informations, *Scire Facias*, *Supersedeas*, *Habeas Corpus*, Coach-hire, Treating of Witnesses, *&c. Verily, says* John, *there are a prodigious Number of learned Words in this Law, what a pretty Science it is! Ay, but Husband, you have paid for every Syllable and Letter of these fine Words; bless me, what immense Sums are at the bottom of the Accompt! John* spent several weeks in looking over his Bills, and by comparing and stating his Accompts, he discovered, that besides the Extravagance of every Article, he had been egregiously cheated; that he had paid for Council that were never fee'd, for Writs that were never drawn, for dinners that were never dress'd, and Journeys that were never made: In short, that the Tradesmen, Lawyers and *Frog*, had agreed to throw the Burden of the Law-Suit upon his Shoulders.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How John *grew angry, and resolved to accept a Composition;* * *and what Methods were practis'd by the Lawyers for keeping him from it.*

WELL might the learned *Daniel Burgess* say, *That a Law-Suit is a Suit for Life.* He that sows his Grain upon Marble, will have many a hungry belly before harvest. This *John* felt by woeful Experience. *John*'s Cause was a good milch Cow, and many a man subsisted his Family out of it. However *John* began to think it high time to look about him. He had a Cousin in the Country, one Sir *Roger Bold*, whose Predecessors had been bred up to the Law, and knew as much of it as any body; but having left off the Profession for some time, they took great Pleasure in Compounding Law-Suits among their Neighbours, for which they were the Aversion of the Gentlemen of the Long Robe, and at perpetual War with all the Country Attorneys. *John* put his Cause in Sir *Roger*'s Hands, desiring him to make the best of it; the News had no sooner reach'd the Ears of the Lawyers, but they were all in an uproar. † They

* Talk of Peace; and the struggle of the Party against it.

† The Endeavours made use of to stop the Treaty of Peace.

brought

brought all the rest of the Tradesmen upon *John*: 'Squire *South* swore he was betrayed, that he would starve before he compounded; *Frog* said he was highly wrong'd; even lying *Ned* the Chimney-sweeper, and *Tom* the Dustman complain'd, that their Interest was sacrific'd; the Lawyers, Sollicitors, *Hocus* and his Clerks, were all up in Arms, at the News of the Composition; † they abus'd him and his Wife most shamefully, "You silly, aukward, "ill-bred, Country-Sow, (quoth one) have you no "more manners than to rail at *Horus*, that has sav'd "that Clod-pated Numskull'd Ninny-hammer of "yours from Ruin, and all his Family? It is well "known how he has rose early and sate up late to "make him easy, when he was sotting at every "Ale-house in Town. I knew his last Wife, she "was a Woman of Breeding, good Humour, and "Complaisance, knew how to live in the World: "As for you, you look like a Puppet mov'd by "Clock-work; your Cloaths hang upon you, as "they were upon Tenter-hooks, and you come into "a Room as you were going to steal away a Pispot: "get you gone in the Country to look after your "mother's Poultry, to milk the Cows, churn the "Butter, and dress up Nosegays for a Holy-day, and "not meddle with matters which you know no more "of, than the Sign-Post before your Door: It is "well known that *Hocus* has an establish'd Reputa-"tion, he never swore an Oath, nor told a Lie in all "his Life; He is grateful to his Benefactors, faith-"ful to his Friends, liberal to his Dependants, and

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† Reflections upon the H——— of C———s, as ignorant, who knew nothing of Business.

"dutiful

" dutiful to his Superiors; he values not your mo-
" ney more than the Duſt under his Feet, but he
" hates to be abus'd: Once for all, Mrs. *Mynx*,
" leave off talking of *Hocus*, or I will pull out theſe
" Saucer Eyes of yours, and make that redſtreak
" Country Face look as raw as an Ox-cheek upon a
" Butcher's Stall; remember, I ſay, that there are
" Pillories and Ducking-Stools." With this away they flung, leaving Mrs. *Bull* no time to reply: No ſtone was left unturn'd to fright *John* from his Compoſition. Sometimes they ſpread Reports at Coffee-houſes, That *John* and his Wife were run mad; that they intended to give up Houſe, and make over all their Eſtate to *Lewis Baboon*; That *John* had been often heard talking to himſelf, and ſeen in the ſtreets without ſhoes or ſtockings; That he did nothing from morning till night but beat his Servants, after having been the beſt maſter alive: As for his Wife, ſhe was a meer Natural. Sometimes *John*'s Houſe was beſet with a whole Regiment of Attorney's Clerks, Bailiffs and Bailiffs-Followers, and other ſmall Retainers of the Law, who threw ſtones at his windows, and dirt at himſelf, as he went along the ſtreet. When *John* complain'd of want of ready money to carry on his Suit, they advis'd him to pawn his Plate and Jewels, and that Mrs. *Bull* ſhould ſell her Linnen and wearing cloaths.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Mrs. Bull's *Vindication of the* indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom, *incumbent upon Wives, in case of the Tyranny, Infidelity, or Insufficiency of Husbands: Being a full Answer to the* Doctor's *Sermon against* Adultery.*

JOHN found daily fresh Proofs of the infidelity and bad designs of his deceas'd Wife; amongst other Things, one day looking over his Cabinet, he found the following Paper.

IT is evident that Matrimony is founded upon an *original Contract*, whereby the Wife makes over the Right she has by the Law of Nature to the *Concubitus vagus*, in favour of the Husband; by which he acquires the property of all her Posterity. But then the obligation is mutual: And where the contract is broken on one side, it ceases to bind on the other. Where there is a Right, there must be a Power to maintain it, and to punish the offending Party. This Power I affirm to be that Original Right, or rather that indispensable duty of Cuckoldom, lodg'd in all Wives, in the cases above-mentioned. No Wife is bound by any Law to which her-

* The Tories Representation of the Speeches at *Sacheverel*'s Trial.

her-self has not consented: All Oeconomical Government is lodg'd originally in the Husband and Wife, the executive Part being in the Husband; both have their Privileges secur'd to them by law and reason; but will any man infer from the husband's being invested with the executive Power, that the Wife is deprive'd of her share, and that which is the Principal branch of it, the original Right of Cuckoldom? And that she has no Remedy left but *Preces & Lacrymæ*, or an Appeal to a supreme Court of Judicature? No less frivolous are the Arguments that are drawn from the general Appellations and Terms of Husband and Wife: A Husband denotes several different Sorts of Magistracy, according to the usages and customs of different climates and countries. In some Eastern Nations it signifies a Tyrant, with the absolute Power of life and death: In *Turkey* it denotes an arbitrary Governor, with power of perpetual imprisonment: In *Italy* it gives the husband the power of poison and padlocks: In the countries of *England*, *France* and *Holland*, it has a quite different meaning, implying a free and equal Government, securing to the Wife in certain cases the liberty of cuckoldom, and the property of pin-money, and separate maintainance. So that the arguments drawn from the terms of husband and wife are fallacious, and by no means fit to support a tyrannical doctrine, as that of absolute unlimited Chastity, and conjugal Fidelity.

The general exhortations to chastity in wives are meant only for rules in ordinary cases, but they naturally suppose three conditions of Ability, Justice and Fidelity in the husband; such an unlimited, unconditionn'd fidelity in the wife could never be suppos'd by reasonable men; it seems a reflection upon the Ch—ch, to

to charge her with doctrines that countenance oppression.

This doctrine of the original right of cuckoldom is congruous to the law of nature, which is superior to all human laws, and for that I dare appeal to all wives: It is much to the honour of our *English* wives, that they have never given up that *fundamental Point*; and that tho' in former ages they were muffled up in darkness and superstition, yet that notion seem'd engraven on their minds, and the impression so strong, that nothing could impair it.

To assert the illegality of cuckoldom, upon any pretence whatsoever, were to cast odious colours upon the married State, to blacken the necessary means of perpetuating families: such laws can never be suppos'd to have been design'd to defeat the very end of matrimony, the propagation of mankind. I call them necessary means, for in many cases what other means are left? Such a doctrine wounds the honour of families, unsettles the titles to kingdoms, honours and estates; for if the actions from which such settlements spring were illegal, all that is built upon them must be so too: but the last is absurd, therefore the first must be so likewise. What is the cause that *Europe* groans, at present, under the heavy load of a cruel and expensive war, but the tyrannical custom of a certain nation, and the scrupulous nicety of a silly Queen, in not exercising this indispensable duty of cuckoldom, whereby the Kingdom might have had an Heir, and a controverted Succession might have been avoided? These are the effects of the narrow maxims of your Clergy, *That one must not do Evil, that Good may come of it.*

The assertors of this indefeasible right, and *Jus Divinum* of matrimony, do all in their hearts favour

Gallants, and the pretenders to married women; for if the true legal foundation of the married State be once ſapp'd, and inſtead thereof tyrannical maxims introduc'd, what muſt follow but Elopements inſtead of ſecret and peaceable Cuckoldom?

From all that has been ſaid, one may clearly perceive the abſurdity of the doctrine of this ſeditious, diſcontented, hot-headed, ungifted, unedifying Preacher, aſſerting, *That the Grand Security of the matrimonial State, and the Pillar upon which it ſtands, is founded upon the Wife's Belief of an abſolute unconditional Fidelity to the Husband's bed?* By which bold aſſertion he ſtrikes at the root, digs the foundation, and removes the baſis upon which the happineſs of a married ſtate is built. As for his perſonal reflections, I would gladly know who are thoſe *Wanton Wives* he ſpeaks of? who are thoſe ladies of high ſtations, that he ſo boldly traduces in his ſermon? It is pretty plain who theſe aſperſions are aim'd at, for which he deſerves the Pillory or ſomething worſe.

In confirmation of this doctrine of the indiſpenſable duty of cuckoldom, I could bring the example of the wiſeſt Wives in all ages, who by theſe means have preſerv'd their huſband's Families from Ruin and Oblivion, by want of Poſterity: but what has been ſaid, is a ſufficient ground for puniſhing this pragmatical Parſon.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The two great Parties of Wives, the * Devoto's *and the* Hitts.

THE Doctrine of unlimited Chastity and Fidelity in Wives, was universally espous'd by all Husbands; who went about the country, and made the Wives sign Papers, signifying their utter Detestation and Abhorrence of Mrs. *Bull*'s wicked Doctrine of the indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom. Some yielded, others refused to part with their native Liberty; which gave rise to two great Parties amongst the Wives, the *Devoto's* and the *Hitts*. Tho' it must be own'd, the Distinction was more nominal than real; for the *Devoto's* would abuse Freedoms sometimes; and those who were distinguished by the name of *Hitts*, were often very honest. At the same time there was an ingenious Treatise came out, with the Title of *Good Advice to Husbands*; in which they are counsell'd not to trust too much to their Wives owning the Doctrine of unlimited conjugal Fidelity, and so to neglect Family Duty, and a due Watchfulness over the Manners of their Wives; that the greatest Security to Husbands was a vigorous Constitution, good usage of their Wives, and keeping them from Temptation; many Husbands having

* Those who were for and against the Doctrine of *Non-resistance*.

been Sufferers by their trusting too much to general Professions, as was exemplified in the case of a foolish and negligent Husband, who trusting to the Efficacy of this Principle, was undone by his Wife's Elopement from him.

Chap. XV.

An Account of the Conference between Mrs. Bull *and* * Don Diego.

THE Lawyers, as their last Effort to put off the Composition, sent *Don Diego* to *John*. *Don Diego* was a very worthy Gentleman, a Friend to *John*, his Mother, and present Wife; and therefore suppos'd to have some Influence over her: He had been ill us'd himself, by *John*'s Lawyers, but because of some Animosity to Sir *Roger*, was against the Composition: The Conference between him and Mrs. *Bull* was word for word as follows.

Don Diego. Is it possible, Cousin *Bull*, that you can forget the honourable Maxims of the Family you are come of, and break your Word with three of the honestest best-meaning persons in the world, Esquire *South*, *Frog*, and *Hocus*, that have sacrificed their Interests to yours? It is base to take Advantage of their Simplicity and Credulity, and leave them in the Lurch at last.

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* A Tory Nobleman, who by his Influence upon the H— of C——s endeavour'd to stop the Treaty:

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bull:* I am sure they have left my Family in a bad condition, we have hardly Money to go to Market; and no-body will take our Words for sixpence. A very fine spark this Esquire *Sotch!* My Husband took him in, a dirty, snotty-nos'd boy, it was the business of half the Servants to attend him, * the Rogue did bawl and make such a noise: sometimes he fell in the Fire and burnt his Face, sometimes broke his Shins clambering over the Benches, often piss'd a-bed, and always came in so dirty, as if he had been dragg'd through the kennel at a Boarding-School. He lost his Money at Chuck-Farthing, Shuffle-Cap, and all Fours; sold his Books, pawn'd his Linnen, which we were always fore'd to redeem. Then the whole Generation of him are so in love with Bagpipes and Puppet-shews! I wish you knew what my Husband has paid at the Pastry-cook's and Confectioner's for *Naples* Biscuit, Tarts, Custards, and Sweet-Meats. All this while my Husband considered him as a Gentleman of a good Family that had fallen into decay, gave him good Education, and has settled him in a good credible way of living, having procur'd him by his Interest, one of the best places of the Country: And what Return, think you, does this fine Gentleman make us? he will hardly give me or my Husband a good Word, or a civil Expression: ‡ Instead of *Sir* and *Madam* (which, tho' I say it, is our due) he calls us *Goody* and *Gaffer* such-a-one: says, he did us a

* Something relating to the Manners of a great Prince, Superstition, love of Opera's, Shows, *&c.*

‡ Something relating to Forms and Titles.

great deal of honour to board with us; huffs and dings at ſuch a rate, becauſe we will not ſpend the little we have left to get him the Title and Eſtate of Lord *Strutt*; and then forſooth, we ſhall have the honour to be his Woollen-drapers. Beſides, Eſquire *South* will be Eſquire *South* ſtill; fickle, proud, and ungrateful. If he behaves himſelf ſo when he depends on us for his daily bread, can any man ſay what he will do when he is got above the World?

D. Diego. And would you loſe the honour of ſo noble and generous an Undertaking? Would you rather accept this ſcandalous Compoſition, and truſt that old Rogue, *Lewis Baboon?*

Mrs. *Ball.* Look you, Friend *Diego*, if we Law it on till *Lewis* turns honeſt, I am afraid our Credit will run low at *Blackwell-Hall*. I wiſh every Man had his own; but I ſtill ſay, that Lord *Strutt*'s Money ſhines as bright, and chinks as well as Eſquire *South*'s. I don't know any other hold that we Tradeſmen have of theſe great folks, but their Intereſt; buy dear and ſell cheap, and I'll warrant ye you will keep your Cuſtomer. The worſt is, that Lord *Strutt*'s Servants have got ſuch a haunt about that old Rogue's Shop, that it will coſt us many a Firkin of ſtrong Beer to bring them back again; and the longer they are in a bad Road, the harder it will be to get them out of it.

D. Diego. But poor *Frog*, what has he done! On my conſcience, if there be an honeſt, ſincere Man in the World, it is that *Frog*.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Bull.* I think I need not tell you how much *Frog* has been obliged to our † Family from his childhood; he carries his head high now, but he had never been the Man he is, without our help. Ever since the Commencement of this Law-Suit it has been the business of *Hocus*, in sharing our Expences, to plead for *Frog*. *Poor* Frog (says he) *is in hard Circumstances, he has a numerous Family, and lives from Hand to Mouth; his Children don't eat a bit of good Victuals from one Year's end to the other, but live upon salt Herring, sowre Crud, and Borecole: he does his utmost, poor Fellow, to keep Things even in the World, and has exerted himself beyond his Ability in this Law-Suit; but he really has not wherewithal to go on. What signifies this hundred Pounds? place it upon your side of the Account; it is a great deal to poor* Frog, *and a Trifle to you.* This has been *Hocus*'s constant Language, and I am sure he has had Obligations enough to us to have acted another Part.

D. Diego. No doubt *Hocus* meant all this for the best, but he is a tender-hearted, charitable Man; *Frog* is indeed in hard Circumstances.

Mrs. *Bull.* Hard Circumstances! I swear this is provoking to the last degree. * All the time of the Law-Suit, as fast as I have mortgaged, *Frog* has purchas'd: From a plain Tradesman, with a Shop, Warehouse, and a Country Hutt, with a dirty Fish-pond at the end of it, he is now grown a very rich Country Gentleman, with a noble landed Estate, noble Palaces, Manors, Parks, Gardens, and

† Complaints of the H—— of C——s of the unequal Burden of the War.

* The *D——h* Acquisitions in *Flanders*.

Farms,

Farms, finer than any we were ever master of. Is it not strange, when my Husband disburs'd great Sums every Term, *Frog* should be purchasing some new Farm or Manor? So that if this Law-Suit lasts, he will be far the richest Man in his Country. What is worse than all this, he stealsaway my Customers every day; twelve of the richest and the best have left my Shop by his Persuasion, and whom, to my certain knowledge, he has under Bonds never to return again: Judge you if this be neighbourly dealing.

D. Diego. *Frog* is indeed pretty close in his dealings, but very honest: You are so touchy, and take things so hotly, I am sure there must be some Mistake in this.

Mrs. *Bull.* A plaguy one indeed! You know, and have often told me of it, how *Hocus*, and those Rogues kept my Husband *John Bull* drunk for five years together, with Punch and Strong Waters; I am sure he never went one Night sober to bed, till they got him to sign the strangest Deed that ever you saw in your life. The methods they took to manage him I'll tell you another Time! at present I'll read only the Writing.

† *Articles of Agreement betwixt* JOHN BULL, Clothier, *and* NICHOLAS FROG, Linnen-draper.

I. *That for maintaining the ancient good Correspondence and Friendship between the said Parties, I* Ni-

† The Sentiments of the H— of C——s, and their Representation of the B——r Tr——y.

cholas

cholas Frog *do solemnly engage and promise to keep Peace in* John Bull's *Family; that neither his Wife, Children, nor Servants give him any Trouble, Disturbance, or Molestation whatsoever, but to oblige them all to do their Duty quietly in their respective Stations: And whereas the said* John Bull, *from the assured Confidence that he has in my Friendship, has appointed me Executor of his last Will and Testament, and Guardian to his Children, I do undertake for me, my Heirs and Assigns, to see the same duly executed and performed, and that it shall be unalterable in all its Parts by* John Bull, *or any body else: For that purpose it shall be lawful and allowable for me to enter his House at any Hour of the Day or Night, to break open Bars, Bolts, and Doors, Chests of Drawers, and strong Boxes, in order to secure the Peace of my Friend* John Bull's *Family, and to see his Will duly executed.*

II. *In Consideration of which kind neighbourly Office of* Nicholas Frog, *in that he has been pleas'd to accept of the aforesaid Trust, I* John Bull, *having duly considered that my Friend* Nicholas Frog *at this Time lives in a marshy Soil and unwholesome Air, infested with Fogs and Damps, destructive of the Health of himself, Wife, and Children; do bind and oblige me, my Heirs and Assigns, to purchase for the said* Nicholas Frog, *with the best and readiest of my Cash, Bonds, Mortgages, Goods and Chattels, a landed Estate, with Parks, Gardens, Palaces, Rivers, Fields, and Outlets, consisting of as large Extent as the said* Nicholas Frog *shall think fit. And whereas the said* Nicholas Frog *is at present hem'd in too close by the Grounds of* Lewis Baboon, Master of the Science of Defence, *I the said* John Bull *do oblige myself, with the readiest of my Cash, to purchase*

chase and enclose the said Grounds, for as many Fields and Acres as the said Nicholas *shall think fit; to the intent that the said* Nicholas *may have free Egress and Regress, without Lett or Molestation, suitable to the Demands of himself and Family.*

III. *Furthermore, the said* John Bull *obliges himself to make the Country Neighbours of* Nicholas Frog *allot a certain Part of yearly Rents, to pay for the Repairs of the said landed Estate, to the Intent that his good Friend* Nicholas Frog *may be eased of all Charges.*

IV. *And whereas the said* Nicholas Frog *did contract with the deceas'd Lord* Strutt *about certain Liberties, Privileges, and Immunities, formerly in the Possession of the said* John Bull; *I the said* John Bull *do freely, by these Presents, renounce, quit, and make over to the said* Nicholas, *the Liberties, Privileges, and Immunities contracted for, in as full a manner, as if they never had belonged to me.*

V. *The said* John Bull *obliges himself, his Heirs and Assigns, not to sell one Rag of broad or coarse Cloth to any Gentleman within the Neighbourhood of the said* Nicholas, *except in such Quantities and such Rates, as the said* Nicholas *shall think fit.*

Sign'd and Seal'd,

JOHN BULL.
NIC. FROG.

The Reading of this Paper put Mrs. *Bull* in such a Passion, that she fell downright into a Fit, and they were forced to give her a good quantity of the Spirit of Hartshorn before she recovered.

D. Diego.

D. Diego. Why in ſuch a Paſſion, couſin; conſidering your circumſtances at that Time, I don't think this ſuch an unreaſonable Contract. You ſee *Frog*, for all this, is religiouſly true to his Bargain; he ſcorns to hearken to any Compoſition without your Privacy.

Mrs. *Bull.* You know the † contrary. Read that Letter.

[*Reads the Superſcription*] For *Lewis Baboon*, Maſter of the Noble Science of Defence.

SIR,

I *Underſtand that you are at this Time treating with my Friend* John Bull, *about reſtoring the Lord* Strutt's *Cuſtom, and beſides allowing him certain Privileges of Parks and Fiſh-ponds; I wonder how you that are a Man that knows the World, can talk with that ſimple Fellow. He has been my Bubble theſe twenty Years, and to my certain Knowledge, underſtands no more of his own Affairs, than a Child in Swadling Cloaths. I know he has got a ſort of a pragmatical ſilly Jade of a Wife, that pretends to take him out of my Hands: But you and ſhe both will find yourſelves miſtaken; I'll find thoſe that ſhall manage her; and for him, he dares as well be hanged as make one ſtep in his Affairs without my Conſent. If you will give me what you promiſed him, I will make all Things eaſy, and ſtop the Deeds of Ejectment againſt Lord* Strutt: *If you will not, take what follows: I*

† Secret Negociations of the *D—b* at that Time.

ſhall

shall have a good Action against you, for pretending to rob me of my Bubble. Take this Warning from

Your loving Friend,

NIC. FROG.

I am told, cousin *Diego*, you are one of those that have undertaken to manage me, and that you have said you will carry a green bag yourself, rather than we shall make an end of our Law-Suit: I'll teach them and you too to manage.

D. Diego. For God's sake, Madam, why so cholerick? I say this Letter is some Forgery; it never entered into the head of that honest man, *Nic. Frog*, to do any such Thing.

Mrs. *Bull.* I can't abide you: You have been railing these twenty years at 'Squire *Smith*, *Frog* and *Hocus*, calling them Rogues and Pick-pockets, and now they are turned the honestest Fellows in the World. What is the meaning of all this?

D. Diego. Pray tell me how you came to employ this Sir *Roger* in your Affairs, and not think of your old Friend *Diego*?

Mrs. *Bull.* So, so, there it pinches. To tell you truth, I have employed Sir *Roger* in several weighty Affairs, and have found him trusty and honest, and the poor man always scorned to take a farthing of me. I have abundance that profess great Zeal, but they are damnable greedy of the Pence. My Husband and I are now in such circumstances, that we must be served upon cheaper Terms than we have been.

D. Diego. Well, cousin, I find I can do no good with you; I am sorry that you will ruin yourself by trusting this Sir *Roger*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How the Guardians of the deceas'd Mrs. Bull's *three Daughters came to* John, *and what Advice they gave him; wherein is briefly treated, the Characters of the three Daughters: Also* John Bull's *Answer to the three Guardians.* ‡

I Told you in a former chapter, that Mrs. *Bull*, before she departed this life, had blessed *John* with three Daughters. I need not here repeat their Names, neither would I willingly use any scandalous Reflections upon young Ladies, whose Reputations ought to be very tenderly handled; but the characters of these were so well known in the Neighbourhood, that it is doing them no Injury, to make a short Description of them.

* The eldest was a termagant, imperious, prodigal, lewd, profligate wench, as ever breath'd: she used to rantipole about the house, pinch the children, kick the servants, and torture the cats and the dogs; she would rob her father's strong box, for money

‡ Concerns of the Party, and Speeches for carrying on the War, *&c.* Sentiments of the Tories and H— of C——s, against continuing the War, for setting King *Ch—s* upon the Throne of *S——n.*

* *Polemia.*

to

to give the young fellows that she was fond of. She had a noble Air, and something great in her mien, but such a noisome infectious breath, as threw all the servants that dress'd her, into consumptions; if she smelt to the freshest Nose-gay, it would shrivel and wither as it had been blighted: She used to come home in her cups, and break the China, and the Looking-glasses; and was of such an irregular temper, and so entirely given up to her passion, that you might argue as well with the *North* wind, as with her ladyship: So expensive, that the income of three Dukedoms was not enough to supply her extravagance. *Hocus* loved her best, believing her to be his own, got upon the body of Mrs. *Bull*.

† The second daughter, born a year after her sister, was a peevish, froward, ill condition'd creature as ever was, ugly as the Devil, lean, haggard, pale, with saucer Eyes, a sharp nose, and hunch'd-back'd: but active, sprightly, and diligent about her affairs. Her ill complexion was occasioned by her bad diet, which was coffee, morning, noon and night: She never rested quietly a-bed; but used to disturb the whole Family with shrieking out in her dreams, and plague them next day with interpreting them, for she took them all for Gospel: She would cry out murder, and disturb the whole Neighbourhood; and when *John* came running down stairs to enquire what the matter was, nothing forsooth, only her maid had stuck a pin wrong in her gown: She turned away one servant for putting too much oil in her sallad, and another for putting too little salt in her water-gruel; but such as by flattery had procured

† *Discordia.*

her

her esteem, she would indulge in the greatest crime. Her father had two coachmen; when one was in the coach-box, if the coach swung but the least to one side, she used to shriek so loud, that all the street concluded she was overturned; but tho' the other was eternally drunk, and had overturned the whole Family, she was very angry with her father for turning him away. Then she used to carry tales and stories from one to another, till she had set the whole Neighbourhood together by the Ears; and this was the only diversion she took pleasure in. She never went abroad, but she brought home such a bundle of monstrous lies, as would have amazed any mortal, but such as knew her: Of a Whale that had swallowed a Fleet of Ships; of the Lions being let out of the *Tower*, to destroy the Protestant Religion; of the Pope's being seen in a Brandy-shop at *Wapping*; and a prodigious strong man that was going to shove down the cupola of St. *Paul's*; of three millions of Five Pound Pieces that 'Squire *South* had found under an old wall; of blazing stars, flying dragons, and abundance of such stuff. All the servants in the Family made high court to her, for she domineer'd there, and turned out and in whom she pleased; only there was an old grudge between her and Sir *Roger*, whom she mortally hated, and used to hire fellows to squirt kennel water upon him as he passed along the streets; so that he was forced constantly to wear a surtout of oil'd cloth, by which means he came home pretty clean, except where the surtout was a little scanty.

* As for the third, she was a Thief, and a common mercenary Prostitute, and that without any sollici-

* *Usuria.*

tation from nature, for she owned she had no enjoyment. She had no respect of persons, a Prince or a Porter was all one, according as they paid; yea, she would leave the finest gentleman in the world, to go to an ugly pocky fellow for six-pence more. In the practice of her profession, she had amass'd vast magazines of all sorts of Things; she had above five hundred Suits of fine Cloaths, and yet went abroad like a Cynder-Wench: She robbed and starved all the servants, so that Nobody could live near her.

So much for *John*'s three Daughters, which you will say were Rarities to be fond of: Yet Nature will shew itself; Nobody could blame their Relations for taking care of them: and therefore it was that *Hocus*, with two other of the Guardians, thought it their duty to take care of the interest of the three Girls, and give *John* their best advice before he compounded the Law-Suit.

Hocus. What makes you so shy of late, my good friend? There's nobody loves you better than I, nor has taken more pains in your Affairs: As I hope to be saved, I would do any thing to serve you; I would crawl upon all Four to serve you; I have spent my Health and paternal Estate in your service. I have, indeed a small Pittance left, with which I might retire, and with as good a Conscience as any man; but the thoughts of this disgraceful Composition so touches me to the Quick, that I cannot sleep: After I had brought the cause to the last stroke, that one Verdict more had quite ruined old *Lewis*, and Lord *Strutt*, and put you in the quiet Possession of every thing, then to compound! I cannot bear it. This cause was my favourite, I had set my Heart upon it; it is like an only child; I cannot endure it should miscarry: For God's sake consider only to what

what a dismal condition old *Lewis* is brought. He is at an end of all his cash; his Attorneys have hardly one Trick left; they are at an end of all their *Chicane*; besides, he has both his Law and his daily Bread now upon Trust. Hold out only one Term longer, and I'll warrant you before the next, we shall have him in the *Fleet*. I'll bring him to the Pillory, his Ears shall pay for his Perjuries. For the love of God don't compound; Let me be damn'd if you have a friend in the World that loves you better than I: There is no body can say I am covetous, or that I have any interest to pursue but yours.

2d Guardian. There is nothing so plain as that this *Lewis* has a design to ruin all his neighbouring Tradesmen; and at this time he has such a prodigious income by his trade of all kinds, that if there is not some stop put to his exorbitant riches, he will monopolize every thing; no body will be able to sell a yard of Drapery or Mercery Ware but himself. I then hold it adviseable that you continue the Law-Suit, and burst him at once. My concern for the three poor motherless children obliges me to give you this advice; for their estates, poor girls! depend upon the success of this Cause.

3d Guardian. I own this Writ of Ejectment has cost dear; but then consider it is a jewel well worth the purchasing at the price of all you have. None but Mr. *Bull*'s declar'd enemies can say, he has any other security for his Clothing Trade, but the Ejectment of Lord *Strutt*. The only question then that remains to be decided, is, who shall stand the expences of the Suit? To which the answer is as plain, Who but he that is to have the advantage of the sentence? When Esquire *South* has got possession of his Title and Honour, is not *John Bull* to be his Clothier?

thier? Who then but *John* ought to put in Possession? Ask but any indifferent gentleman, who ought to bear his charges at Law? and he will readily answer, his Tradesmen. I do therefore affirm, and I will go to death with it, that, being his Clothier you ought to put him in quiet Possession of his estate, and with the same generous spirit you have begun it, compleat the good Work. If you persist in the bad measures you are now in, what must become of the three poor Orphans? My heart bleeds for the poor Girls.

John Bull. You are all very eloquent persons, but give me leave to tell you, you express a great deal more concern for the three Girls than for me; I think my interest ought to be considered in the first place. As for you, *Hocus*, I can't but say you have manag'd my Law-Suit with great address, and much to my Honour; and tho' I say it, you have been well paid for it. Why must the burthen be taken off *Frog*'s back, and laid upon my shoulders? He can drive about his own Parks and Fields in his gilt Chariot, when I have been forc'd to mortgage my estate: His Note will go farther than my Bond. Is it not matter of fact, that from the richest Tradesman in all the country, I am reduc'd to beg and borrow from Scriveners and Usurers, that suck the Heart, Blood, and Guts out of me, and what is all this for? Did you like *Frog*'s countenance better than mine? Was not I your old friend and relation? Have I not presented you nobly? Have I not clad your whole family? Have you not had an hundred yards at a time of the finest Cloth in my shop? Why must the rest of the Tradesmen be not only indemnify'd from charges, but forbid to go on with their own business, and what is more their concern

than

than mine? As to holding out this Term, I appeal to your own conscience, has not that been your constant discourse these six years, *One Term more, and old* Lewis *goes to pot.* If thou art so fond of my Cause, be generous for once, and lend me a brace of thousands. Ah *Hocus! Hocus!* I know thee, not a Sous to save me from Goal, I trow. Look ye, Gentlemen, I have liv'd with credit in the world, and it grieves my heart, never to stir out of my doors, but to be pull'd by the sleeve by some rascally Dun or other? *Sir, Remember my bill: There's a small concern of a Thousand Pounds, I hope you think on't, Sir.* And to have these Usurers transact my debts at Coffee-houses, and Ale-houses, as if I were going to break up shop. Lord! that ever the rich, the generous, *John Bull*, Clothier, the envy of all his Neighbours, should be brought to compound his Debts for five shillings in the Pound; and to have his Name in an Advertisement for a Statute of Bankrupt. The thought of it makes me mad. I have read somewhere in the *Apocrypha*, That one should not *consult with a Woman touching her of whom she is jealous; nor with a Merchant concerning Exchange; nor with a Buyer of Selling; nor with an unmerciful Man of Kindness*, &c. I could have added one thing more, *Nor with an Attorney, about compounding a Law-Suit.* The Ejectment of Lord *Strutt* will never do. The evidence is crimp; the Witnesses swear backwards and forwards, and contradict themselves; and his Tenants stick by him. One tells me that I must carry on my Suit, because *Lewis* is poor; another, because he is still too rich: whom shall I believe? I am sure of one thing, that a penny

in the purse is the best friend *John* can have at last, and who can say that this will be the last Suit I shall be engaged in? Besides, if this Ejectment were practicable, it is reasonable, that when Esquire *South* is losing his money to Sharpers and Pick-pockets, going about the country with Fidlers and Buffoons, and squandering his income with Hawks and Dogs, I should lay out the Fruits of my honest industry in a Law-Suit for him, only upon the Hopes of being his Clothier? And when the Cause is over, I shall not have the Benefit of my Project for want of money to go to Market. Look ye, Gentlemen, *John Bull* is but a plain man; but *John Bull* knows when he is ill used. I know the infirmity of our Family; we are apt to play the Boon-Companion, and throw away our money in our Cups: But it was an unfair thing in you, Gentlemen, to take advantage of my weakness, to keep a Parcel of roaring Bullies about me Day and Night, with Huzza's and Hunting-horns, and ringing the Changes on Butchers Cleavers, never let me cool, and make me set my hand to Papers, when I could hardly hold my Pen. There will come a Day of Reckoning for all that proceeding. In the mean time, Gentlemen, I beg you will let me into my affairs a little, and that you would not grudge me the small Remainder of a very great Estate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Esquire South's *Message and Letter to Mrs.* Bull.*

THE Arguments used by *Hocus* and the rest of the Guardians, had hitherto prov'd insufficient: *John* and his Wife could not be persuaded to bear the Expence of Esquire *South*'s Law-Suit. They thought it reasonable, that since he was to have the Honour and Advantage, he should bear the greatest share of the Charges; and retrench what he lost to Sharpers, and spent upon Country-Dances, and Puppet-plays, to apply it to that use. This was not very grateful to the Esquire; therefore, as the last Experiment, he was resolv'd to send Signior *Benenato*, Master of his Fox-hounds, to Mrs. *Bull*, to try what good he could do with her. This Signior *Benenato* had all the Qualities of a fine Gentleman, that were set to charm a Lady's heart; and if any person in the world could have persuaded her, it was he. But such was her unshaken Fidelity to her Husband, and the constant Purpose of her mind to pursue his Interest, that the most refin'd Arts of Gallantry that

* Complaints of the Deficiencies of the House of *Austria*, Prince *E*——'s Journey and Message.

were practis'd, could not seduce her heart. The Necklaces, Diamond Crosses, and rich Bracelets that were offer'd, she rejected with the utmost Scorn and Disdain. The Musick and Serenades that were given her, sounded more ungratefully in her ears than the Noise of a Screech-owl; however, she receiv'd Esquire *South*'s Letter by the hands of Signior *Benenato*, with that Respect which became his Quality. The Copy of the Letter is as follows, in which you will observe he changes a little his usual style.

MADAM,

THE *Writ of Ejectment against* Philip Baboon, *(pretended Lord* Sirutt*) is just ready to pass; There want but a few necessary Forms, and a Verdict or two more, to put me in the quiet Possession of my Honour and Estate; I question not, but that, according to your wonted Generosity and Goodness, you will give it the finishing Stroke; an Honour that I would grudge any body but yourself. In order to ease you of some part of the Charges, I promise to furnish Pen, Ink, and Paper, provided you pay for the Stamps. Besides, I have ordered my Stewards to pay out of the readiest and best of my Rents, Five Pounds Ten Shillings a Year, till my Suit is finished. I wish you Health and Happiness, being with due Respect,*

MADAM,

Your assured Friend,

SOUTH.

What

What Anſwer Mrs. *Bull* return'd to this Letter, you ſhall know in my ſecond Part, only they were at a pretty good diſtance in their Propoſals; for as Eſquire *South* only offered to be at the charges of Pen, Ink, and Paper, Mrs. *Bull* refus'd any more than to lend her Barge, * to carry his Council to *Weſtminſter-Hall*.

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* Sending the E—— Fl—— to convoy the Forces to *Ba——c——a*.

Law

Law is a Bottomless Pit.

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

JOHN BULL.

THE

SECOND PART.

M.DCC.XIII.

THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

PART II.

The PUBLISHER's PREFACE.

THE World is much indebted to the famous Sir *Humphry Polesworth*, for his ingenious and impartial Account of *John Bull*'s Law-Suit; yet there is just cause of complaint against him, in that he relates it only by Parcels, and won't give us the whole Work: This forces me, who am only the Publisher, to bespeak the Assistance of his Friends and Acquaintance to engage him to lay aside that stingy Humour, and gratify the curiosity of the Publick at once. He pleads in excuse, that they are only private Memoirs, wrote for his own Use,

Use, in a loose style, to serve as a help to his ordinary conversation. I represented to him the good Reception the first Part had met with; that tho' calculated only for the Meridian of *Grubstreet*, it was yet taken Notice of by the better sort; that the World was now sufficiently acquainted with *John Bull*, and interested itself in his concerns. He answer'd with a smile, that he had indeed some trifling things to impart that concern'd *John Bull*'s Relations and Domestick Affairs; if these would satisfy me, he gave me free leave to make use of them, because they would serve to make the History of the Law-Suit more intelligible. When I had look'd over the Manuscript, I found likewise some further Account of the Composition, which perhaps may not be unacceptable to such as have read the former Part.

CHAP. I.

The Character of * John Bull's *Mother.*

JOHN had a Mother, whom he lov'd and honour'd extreamly, a discreet, grave, sober, good-condition'd, cleanly old Gentlewoman as ever liv'd; she was none of your cross-grain'd, termagant, scolding Jades, that one had as good be hang'd as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their Neighbours, extolling their own good Qualities; and under-

* The C[illegible]h of *E[illegible]d.*

valuing

valuing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek Spirit, and as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the Words and Actions of her Neighbours, except where they were irreconcileable to the Rules of Honesty and Decency. She was neither one of your precise *Prudes*, nor one of your fantastical old *Belles*, that dress themselves like Girls of Fifteen; as she neither wore a Ruff, Forehead-cloth, nor High-crown'd Hat, so she had laid aside Feathers, Flowers, and crimpt Ribbons in her Head-dress, Furbelo-Scarfs, and Hoop'd-Petticoars. She scorn'd to patch and paint, yet she lov'd to keep her hands and her face clean. Tho' she wore no flaunting Lac'd Ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant Sweat with greasy Flannel: Tho' her Hair was not stuck with Jewels, she was not ashamed of a Diamond Cross; she was not like some Ladies, hung about with Toys and Trinkets, Tweezer-cases, Pocket-glasses and Essence-bottles; she used only a Gold Watch and an Almanack, to mark the Hours and the Holy-days.

Her Furniture was neat and genteel, well-fancy'd with a *bon Gouſt*. As she affected not the Grandeur of a State with a Canopy, she thought there was no offence in an Elbow-chair; she had laid aside your Carving, Gilding and Japan Work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain Wainscot and clean Hangings. There are some Ladies that affect to smell a stink in every thing; they are always highly perfum'd, and continually burning Frankincense in their Rooms; she was above such Affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of Brooms and Scrubbing-brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linnen in fresh Lavender.

She

She was no less genteel in her Behaviour, well-bred, without Affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curt'sying pieces of Formality, and your Romps that have no regard to the common Rules of Civility. There are some Ladies that affect a mighty regard for their Relations; *We must not eat to-day, for my Uncle* Tom, *or my Cousin* Betty *dy'd this Time ten Years: Let's have a Ball to-night, it is my Neighbour such-a-one's Birth-day;* she look'd upon all this as Grimace; yet she constantly observed her Husband's Birth-day, her Wedding day, and some few more.

Tho' she was a truly good Woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her Son *John*, yet there wanted not those who endeavour'd to create a Misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevail'd with him once, that he turn'd her out of Doors, to his great Sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his Affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the Turn of her Conversation and Choice of her Studies, in which she far exceeded all her Sex; your Rakes that hate the company of all sober, grave Gentlewomen, would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim than some that were more sowre and reserved; she was a zealous Preacher up of Chastity, and *Conjugal Fidelity* in Wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled Doctrine of the *Indispensable Duty of Cuckoldom*: Tho' she advanc'd her Opinions with a becoming Assurance, yet she never usher'd them in as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical Assertions, *This is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a Rogue can deny it.* It has been observed that such people are oftener in the wrong than any body.

Tho'

Tho' she had a thousand good Qualities, she was not without her Faults, amongst which one might, perhaps, reckon too great Lenity to her Servants, to whom she always gave good Counsel, but often too gentle Correction. I thought I could not say less of *John Bull*'s Mother, because she bears a part in the following Transactions.

CHAP. II.

The Character of John Bull'; * *Sister* Peg, *with the Quarrels that happen'd between Master and Miss in their Childhood.*

JOHN had a Sister, a poor Girl that had been starv'd at Nurse; any body would have guess'd Miss to have been bred up under the Influence of a cruel Step-dame, and *John* to be the Fondling of a tender Mother. *John* look'd ruddy and plump, with a pair of Cheeks like a Trumpeter; Miss look'd pale and wan, as if she had the Green-Sickness; and no wonder, for *John* was the Darling, he had all the good bits, was cramm'd with good Pullet, Chicken, Pig, Goose and Capon, while Miss had only a little Oatmeal and Water, or a dry Crust without Butter. *John* had his golden Pippins, Peaches and Nectarines; poor Miss a Crab-apple, Sloe or a Blackberry. Master lay in the best Apartment, with his Bed-chamber towards the South Sun. Miss lodg'd in a Garret,

* The Nation and Church of *S——d*.

expos'd to the North Wind, which shrivel'd her Countenance; however, this Usage, tho' it stunted the Girl in her Growth, gave her a hardy Constitution; she had life and Spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used: Now and then she would seize upon *John*'s Commons, snatch a leg of a Pullet, or a bit of good Beef, for which they were sure to go to Fisti-cuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her, but Miss would not yield in the least point, but ev'n when Master had got her down, she would scratch and bite like a Tyger; when he gave her a cuff on the Ear, she would prick him with her Knitting-needle: *John* brought a great Chain one day to tye her to the Bed-post, for which Affront, Miss aimed a Pen-knife at his Heart. In short, these Quarrels grew up to rooted Aversions, they gave one another Nick-names, she called him *Gunny-Guts*, and he called her *Lousy Peg*; though the Girl was a tight clever Wench as any was, and through her pale looks, you might discern Spirit and Vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect Beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in Parents not to take notice of these early Quarrels, and make them live better together, such Domestick Feuds proving afterwards the occasion of Misfortunes to them both. * *Peg* had, indeed, some odd Humours and comical Antipathy, for which *John* would jeer her. "What think you of my Sister *Peg* "(says he) that faints at the sound of an Organ, and "yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a Bag-pipe? "What's that to you *Gunny-Guts*, (quoth *Peg*) every "body's to chuse their own Musick. Then *Peg* had

* Love of Presbytery.

taken

taken a fancy not to say her *Pater-noster*, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three Brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord *Peter*, *Martin* and *Jack*, *Jack* had of late been her Inclinations: Lord *Peter* she detested; nor did *Martin* stand much better in her good Graces, but *Jack* had found the way to her heart. I have often admired what Charms she discovered in that aukward Booby, till I talked with a Person that was acquainted with the Intrigue, who gave me the following Account of it.

CHAP. III.

* Jack's *Charms, or the Method by which he gained* Peg's *Heart.*

IN the first place, *Jack* was a very young fellow, by much the youngest of the three Brothers, and people, indeed, wonder'd how such a young upstart Jackanapes should grow so pert and saucy, and take so much upon him.

Jack bragg'd of greater Abilities than other Men; he was *well-gifted*, as he pretended; I need not tell you what secret Influence that has upon the Ladies.

Jack had a most scandalous Tongue, and persuaded *Peg* that all mankind, besides himself, were pox'd by that Scarlet-fac'd Whore † *Signiora Bubonia.*

* Character of the Presbyterians.

† The Whore of *Babylon*, or the *Pope*.

"As for his Brother, Lord *Peter*, the Tokens were "evident on him, Blotches, Scabs and the Corona: "His Brother *Martin*, though he was not quite "so bad, had some nocturnal pains, which his "Friends pretended were only scorbutical; but he "was sure it proceeded from a worse cause." By such malicious insinuations, he had possessed the Lady, that he was the only man in the world, of a sound, pure, and untainted Constitution: Tho' there were some that stuck not to say, that *Signiora Bubonia* and *Jack* railed at one another, only the better to hide an Intrigue; and, that *Jack* had been found with *Signiora* under his Cloak, carrying her home in a dark stormy night.

Jack was a prodigious Ogler; he would ogle you the outside of his Eye inward, and the white upward.

Jack gave himself out for a Man of a great Estate in the Fortunate Islands; of which the sole Property was vested in his person: By this trick he cheated abundance of poor people of small sums, pretending to make over Plantations in the said islands; but when the poor Wretches came there with *Jack*'s Grant, they were beat, mock'd, and turned out of doors.

I told you that *Peg* was whimsical, and lov'd any thing that was particular: In that way, *Jack* was her Man, for he neither thought, spoke, dress'd, nor acted like other Mortals: He was for your *bold Strokes*; he railed at Fops, though he was himself the most affected in the world; instead of the common Fashion, he would visit his Mistress in a Mourning-Cloak, Band, short Cuffs, and a peaked Beard. He invented a way of coming into a Room backwards, which he said, shew'd more Humility, and less Affectation: Where other people stood, he sat; where they

they sat, he stood; when he went to Court, he used to kick away the State, and sit down by his Prince Cheek by Jole: *Confound these States* (says he) *they are a modern Invention*: When he spoke to his Prince, he always turn'd his Br——ch upon him: If he was advised to fast for his Health, he would eat Roast-beef; if he was allowed a more plentiful Diet, then he would be sure, that day, to live upon Water-gruel; he would cry at a Wedding, laugh and make Jests at a Funeral.

He was no less singular in his Opinions; you would have burst your Sides to hear him talk of Politicks: * "All Government (says he) is founded "upon the right Distribution of *Punishments*; de-"cent Executions keep the world in Awe; for that "Reason, the majority of Mankind ought to be "hanged every year. For example, I suppose, the "Magistrate ought to pass an irreversible Sentence "upon all *blue-ey'd Children* from the Cradle; but "that there may be some shew of Justice in this "proceeding, these children ought to be trained "up by Masters appointed for that purpose, to "all sorts of Villany; that they may deserve their "Fate, and the Execution of them may serve as an "Object of Terror to the rest of mankind." As to the giving of *Pardons*, he had this singular Method, † That when these Wretches had the Rope about their Necks, it should be enquired, who believed they should be hanged, and who not? The first were to be pardoned, the last hanged out-right.

* Absolute Predestination and Reprobation.

† Saving Faith; a Belief that one shall certainly be saved.

Such as were once pardoned, were never to be hang'd afterwards for any Crime whatsoever. He had such skill in Physiognomy, that he would pronounce peremptorily upon a Man's Face, *That Fellow* (says he) *do what he will, can't avoid hanging; he has a hanging Look.* By the same Art, he would prognosticate a Principality to a Scoundrel.

He was no less particular in the Choice of his Studies; they were generally bent towards exploded Chimera's, * the *perpetuum Mobile*, the Circular Shot, Philosopher's Stone, Silent Gun-powder, making Chains for Fleas, Nets for Flies, and Instruments to unravel Cobwebs, and split Hairs.

Thus, I think, I have given a distinct Account of the Methods he practised upon *Peg*. Her Brother would now and then ask her, "What a devil do'st "thou see in that pragmatical Coxcomb, to make "thee so in love with him? he is a fit match for a "Taylor or a Shoemaker's Daughter, but not for "you that are a Gentlewoman. Fancy is free "(quoth *Peg*) I'll take my own way; do you take "yours. I do not care for your flaunting Beaus, "that gang with their Breasts open, and their "Sarks over their Waistcoats, that accost me with "set Speeches out of *Sidney's Arcadia*, or the *Aca-"demy of Compliments*. *Jack* is a sober, grave, "young man; tho' he has none of your study'd "Harrangues, his Meaning is sincere: He has a great "Regard to his Father's Will; and he that shews "himself a good Son, will make a good Husband; "besides, I know he has the original Deed of Con-"veyance to the Fortunate Islands; the others are

* The Learning of the Presbyterians.

"Counter-

* Counterfeits." There is nothing so obstinate as a young Lady in her Amours; the more you cross her, the worse she is.

CHAP. IV.

* *How the Relations reconcil'd* John *and his Sister* Peg, *and what Return* Peg *made to* John's *Message.*

JOHN BULL, otherwise a good-natur'd man, was very hard-hearted to his Sister *Peg*, chiefly from an aversion he had conceiv'd in his Infancy. While he flourish'd, kept a warm house, and drove a plentiful Trade, poor *Peg* was forc'd to go hawking and pedling about the Streets, selling Knives, Scissars, and Shoe-buckles; now and then carry'd a basket of fish to the Market; sew'd, spun, and knit for a Livelihood, till her fingers-ends were sore, and when she could not get bread for her Family, she was forced to hire 'em out at Journey-work to her Neighbours. Yet in these her poor circumstances, she still preserv'd the Air and Mien of a Gentlewoman; a certain decent Pride, that extorted respect from the haughtiest of her Neighbours; when she came into any full Assembly, she would not yield the

* The Treaty of *Union.* Reason of it, the Succession not being settled in *Sc—d.* Fears for the Presbyterian Church-Government, and of being burthen'd with the *E—sh* National Debt.

Pas to the best of them. If one ask'd her, Are not you related to *John Bull?* "Yes (says she) he has "the Honour to be my Brother." So *Peg*'s affairs went, till all the Relations cry'd out shame upon *John*, for his barbarous Usage of his own flesh and blood; that it was an easy matter for him to put her in a creditable way of living, not only without hurt, but with advantage to himself, being she was an industriout Person, and might be serviceable to him in his way of Business. *Hang her, Jade,* (quoth *John*) *I can't endure her, as long as she keeps that Rascal* Jack's *Company.* They told him the way to reclaim her, was to take her into his house; that by conversation the childish humours of their younger days might be worn out. These arguments were enforc'd by a certain incident. It happen'd that *John* was at that time about making his * *Will*, and *entailing his Estate*, the very same in which *Nic. Frog* is nam'd Executor. Now his Sister *Peg*'s Name being in the entail, he could not make a thorough Settlement without her consent. There was, indeed, a malicious story went about, as if *John*'s last wife had fallen in love with *Jack* as he was † eating Custard on horseback; that she persuaded *John* to take his Sister into the House, the better to drive on the intrigue with *Jack*, concluding he would follow his Mistress *Peg*. All I can infer from this story, is, that when one has got a bad character in the World, people will report and believe any thing of them, true or false. But to return to my story; when *Peg* receiv'd *John*'s message, she huff'd and

* The Act of Succession.

† A Presbyterian Lord Mayor.

storm'd

ſtorm'd like the Devil: "My brother *John* (quoth "ſhe) is grown wondrous kind-hearted all of a ſud "den, but I meikle doubt, whether it be not mair "for their own conveniency than for my good; he "draws up his Writs and his Deeds, forſooth, and I "muſt ſet my hand to them, unſight, unteen. I "like the young Man he has ſettled upon well e-"nough, but I think I ought to have a valuable con-"ſideration for my conſent. He wants my poor lit-"tle Farm, becauſe it makes a Nook in his Park-"wall: Ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he "makes good uſe of; he gangs up and down drink-"ing, roaring and quarrelling, through all the Coun-"try Markets, making fooliſh bargains in his Cups, "which he repents when he is ſober; like a thriftleſs "wretch, ſpending the goods and gear that his Fore-"fathers won with the ſweat of their brows; light "come, light go, he cares not a farthing. But why "ſhould I ſtand ſurety for his contracts; the little I "have is free, and I can call it my awn; Hame's "hame, let it be never ſo hamely. I ken him well "enough, he could never abide me, and when he "has his ends he'll e'en uſe me as he did before; "I'm ſure I ſhall be treated like a poor drudge; I "ſhall be ſet to tend the Bairns, darn the hoſe, and "mend the linnen. Then there's no living with that "old carline his Mother; ſhe rails at *Jack*, and "*Jack*'s an honeſter man than any of her kin: I "ſhall be plagu'd with her ſpells and her *Pater-*"*noſters*, and ſilly old-world ceremonies: I mun "never pair my nails on a *Friday*, nor begin a jour-"ney on *Childermas-day*; and I mun ſtand becking "and binging, as I gang out and into the Hall. "Tell him he may e'en gang his get, I'll have no-"thing to do with him, I'll ſtay like the poor coun

"try

"try mouse, in my own habitation." So *Peg* talk'd; but for all that, by the interposition of good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was sent, and many more that were promis'd *Peg*, the matter was concluded, and *Peg* * *taken into the House* upon certain Articles: One of which was, That she might have the freedom of *Jack*'s conversation, and might take him for better and for worse, if she pleas'd; provided always, he did not come into the house at unseasonable hours, and disturb the Rest of the old woman, *John*'s Mother.

CHAP. V.

* *Of some Quarrels that happen'd after* Peg *was taken into the Family.*

IT is an old observation, that the quarrels of Relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not so easily obliterated. This is cunningly represented by one of your old Sages, call'd *Æsop*, in the story of the bird that was griev'd extreamly at being wounded with an arrow feather'd with his own wing; as also of the Oak, that let many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

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* The Act of Toleration.

* Quarrels about some of the Articles of Union, particularly the Peerage.

There

There was no man in the world less subject to Rancour than *John Bull*, considering how often his good nature has been abus'd; yet I don't know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carry tales between him and his sister *Peg*, on purpose to sow Jealousies, and set them together by the Ears They say that there were some hardships put upon *Peg*, which had been better let alone; but it was the business of good people to restrain the injuries on one side, and moderate the resentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts, the one without the other will not do.

* The purchase-money of *Peg*'s Farm was ill paid; then *Peg* lov'd a little good liquor, and the servants shut up the wine-cellar; but for that *Peg* found a trick, for she made a † false Key. *Peg*'s servants complain'd that they were debarr'd from all manner of business, and never suffer'd to touch the least thing within the house; if they offer'd to come into the warehouse, then strait went the yard slap over their noddle; if they ventur'd into the Counting-Room, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head; if they came into the best apartment, to set any thing there in order, they were saluted with a broom; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but the Cook laid them over the pate with a ladle; one that would have got into the stables, was met by two rascals, who fell to work with him with a brush and a curry-comb; some climbing up into the Coach-box, were told, that one of their companions had been there before, that

* The Equivalent not paid. † Run Wine.

could

could not drive; then ſlap went the long whip about their Ears.

On the other hand, it was complain'd, that *Peg*'s ſervants were always aſking for * drink-money; that they had more than their ſhare of the *Chriſtmas-box*; To ſay the truth, *Peg*'s Lads buſtled pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fiſts, and pull'd out handfuls of half-crowns, ſhillings and ſix-pences? Others in the ſcramble pick'd up guineas and broad-pieces. But there happen'd a worſe thing than all this; it was complain'd that *Peg*'s ſervants had great ſtomachs, and brought ſo many of their friends and acquaintance to the table, that *John*'s family was like to be eat out of houſe and home. Inſtead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, *Peg*'s young men were thruſt away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do; Spoons, Plates and Diſhes flew about the room like mad: and Sir *Roger*, who was now *Major Domo*, had enough to do to quiet them. *Peg* ſaid this was contrary to agreement, whereby ſhe was in all things to be treated like a child of the family; then ſhe called upon thoſe that had made her ſuch fair promiſes, and undertook for her brother *John*'s good behaviour; but alas! to her coſt ſhe found, that they were the firſt, and readieſt to do her the injury. *John* at laſt agreed to this regulation; that *Peg*'s † Footmen might ſit with his book-keeper, journey-men and apprentices; and *Peg*'s

* Endeavour'd to get their Share of Places.

† Articles of Union, whereby they could make a *Scot*'s Commoner, but not a Lord, a Peer.

better

better sort of servants might sit with his footmen, if they pleas'd.

Then they began to order Plumb-porridge and Minc'd-pies for *Peg's* dinner: *Peg* told them she had an aversion to that sort of food; that upon forcing down a Mess of it some years ago, it threw her into a Fit, till she brought it up again. Some alledg'd it was nothing but humour, that the same mess should be serv'd up again for supper, and breakfast next Morning; others would have made use of a horn; but the wiser sort bid let her alone, and she might take to it of her own accord.

CHAP. VI.

* *The Conversation between* John Bull *and his Wife.*

Mrs. *Bull.* THO' our affairs honey, are in a bad condition, I have a better opinion of them since you seem'd to be convinc'd of the ill course you have been in, and are resolv'd to submit to proper remedies. But when I consider your immense debts, your foolish bargains, and the general disorder of your business, I have a curiosity to

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* The History of the P—rt—t—n Treaty; Suspicions at that Time that the *Fr.* K. intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the Secret to the Court of *Sp—n.*

know

know what Fate or chance has brought you into this Condition.

J. Bull. I wish you would talk of some other subject; the thoughts of it makes me mad; our family must have their run.

Mrs. Bull. But such a strange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: They have had Law-Suits, but tho' they spent the income, they never mortgag'd the Stock. Sure you must have some of the *Norman* or the *Norfolk* blood in you. Prithee give me some Account of these matters.

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not such a fellow by bread as that old *Lewis Baboon*: He is the most cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth. You must know, one day, as *Nic. Frog* and I were over a bottle making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his *Champagne*, and so one after another, till my friend *Nic.* and I, not being used to such heady stuff, got bloody drunk. *Lewis* all the while either by the strength of his brain, or flinching his glass, kept himself sober as a Judge. * My worthy "friends (quoth *Lewis*) henceforth let us live neighbourly, I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, of "my own temper, but it has been my misfortune "to live among quarrelsome neighbours. There is "but one thing can make us fall out, and that is the "*Inheritance of Lord* Strutt's *Estate*; I am content, "for peace sake, to wave my right, and submit to "any expedient to prevent a Law-Suit; I think an "*equal Division* will be the fairest way." *Well*

* The P—rt—:—n Treaty.

mov'd

mov'd, Old Lewis (quoth *Frog*) *and I hope my friend* John *here will not be Refractory.* At the same time he clapp'd me on the back, and slabber'd me all over from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue. *Do as you please, Gentlemen,* (quoth I) *'tis all one to* John Bull. We agreed to part that Night, and next Morning to meet at the corner of Lord *Strutt*'s Park Wall, with our surveying instruments, which accordingly we did. Old *Lewis* carry'd a Chain and a Semicircle; *Nic.* Paper, Rulers, and a Lead Pencil; and I follow'd at some distance with a long Pole. We began first with surveying the meadow grounds, afterwards we measur'd the Corn Fields Close by Close; then we proceeded to the wood Lands, the † Copper and Tin Mines. All this while *Nic.* laid down every thing exactly upon paper, calculated the Acres and Roods to a great nicety. When we had finish'd the Land, we were going to break into the house and gardens, to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs. *Bull.* What said Lord *Strutt* to all this?

J. Bull. As we had almost finish'd our concern, we were accosted by some of Lord *Strutt*'s servants: *Hey day! What's here? What a Devil's the Meaning of all these Traugraws and Gimcracks, Gentlemen? What in the Name of Wonder, are you going about, jumping over my Master's Hedges, and running your Lines cross his Grounds? If you are at any Field Pastime, you might have ask'd Leave, my Master is a civil well-bred Person as any is.*

Mrs. *Bull.* What could you answer to this?

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† The *West-Indies.*

J. Bull. Why truly my Neighbour *Frog* and I were still hot-headed; we told him his Master was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own business; that we were surveying his estate, and settling it for him, since he would not do it himself. Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we being stronger than they, sent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their Master, *My Lord* (say they) *there are three odd Sort of Fellows going about your Grounds with the strangest Machines that ever we beheld in our Life: I suppose they are going to rob your Orchards, fell your Trees, or drive away your Cattle: They told us strange Things of settling your Estate: One is a lusty old Fellow, in a black Wig, with a black beard, without Teeth: There's another thick squat Fellow, in Trunk-Hose: The Third is a little, long-nos'd, thin Man.* (I was then lean, being just come out of a Fit of Sickness) *I suppose it is fit to send after them, lest they carry something away.*

Mrs. *Bull.* I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare Tweague.

J. Bull. Weak as he was, he call'd for his long *Toledo*, swore and bounc'd about the Room, '*Sdeath! what am I come to, to be affronted so by my Tradesmen? I know the Rascals: My Barber, Clothier, and Linnen draper dispose of my Estate! bring hither my Blunderbuss, I'll warrant ye you shall see Day-light through them. Scoundrels! Dogs! the Scum of the Earth!* Frog, *that was my Father's Kitchin-boy, he pretend to meddle with my Estate! with my Will! Ah poor* Strutt, *what art thou come to at last? Thou hast liv'd too long in the World, to see thy Age and Infirmity so despis'd: How will the Ghosts of my noble Ancestors receive those Tidings? They cannot, they must*

muſt not ſleep quietly in their Graves. In ſhort, the old Gentleman was carry'd off in a fainting Fit, and after bleeding in both Arms hardly recover'd.

Mrs. *Bull.* Really this was a very extraordinary Way of Proceeding: I long to hear the reſt of it.

J. Bull. After we had come back to the Tavern, and taken t'other bottle of *Champagne*, we quarrel'd a little about the diviſion of the Eſtate. *Lewis* hall'd and pull'd the map on one ſide, and *Frog* and I on t'other, till we had like to have tore the Parchment to pieces. At laſt *Lewis* pull'd out a pair of great Taylor's Sheers, and clipt a corner for himſelf, which he ſaid was a Manor that lay convenient for him, and left *Frog* and me the reſt to diſpoſe of as we pleas'd. We were overjoy'd to think *Lewis* was contented with ſo little, not ſmelling what was at the bottom of the Plot. There happen'd indeed an incident that gave us ſome diſturbance: A cunning fellow, one of my ſervants, two days after peeping through the Key-hole, obſerv'd that old *Lewis* had ſtole away our part of the map, and ſaw him fiddling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: He was muttering ſomething to himſelf, which we did not well hear, only theſe words, *'Tis great pity, 'tis great pity!* My ſervant added, that he believed this had ſome ill-meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiſer than his companions: *Lewis* and I are good friends, he's an honeſt fellow, and I dare ſay will ſtand to his bargain. The ſequel of the ſtory prov'd this fellow's ſuſpicion to be too well grounded; for *Lewis* reveal'd our whole ſecret to the deceaſed Lord *Strutt*, who

in reward to his treachery and revenge to *Frog* and me, settled his whole Estate upon the present *Philip Baboon*. Then we understood what he meant by piecing the map together.

Mrs. *Bull*. And was you surprized at this? Had not Lord *Strutt* reason to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been so used yourself.

J. Bull. Why truly, wife, it was not easily reconcil'd to the common methods, but then it was the fashion to do such things: I have read of your golden age, your silver age, *&c.* one might justly call this the age of the *Lawyers*. There was hardly a man of substance in all the Country, but had a * *Counterfeit, that pretended to his Estate*. As the philosophers say, that there is a duplicate of every terrestrial animal at sea, so it was in this age of the Lawyers, there was at least two of every thing; nay, o'my conscience, I think there were three † Esquire *Hackums* at one time. In short, it was usual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and dispose of the whole Estates in the Country: *This lies convenient for me*, Tom; *Thou wouldst do more good with that*, Dick, *than the old Fellow that has it*. So to Law they went with the true Owners; the Lawyers got well by it; every body else was undone. It was a common thing for an honest man when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his servants, calling for supper, and pretending to go to bed to his Wife. In every house you might observe two *Sofia*'s quarreling

* Several Pretenders at that Time.
† Kings of *P*———*d*.

who

who was master. For my own part, I am still afraid of the same treatment, that I should find some body behind my Counter, selling my Broad Cloth.

Mrs. *Bull*. There are a sort of fellows they call Banterers, and Bamboozlers, that play such Tricks; but it seems, these fellows were in earnest.

J. Bull. I begin to think that *Justice* is a better Rule than *Conveniency*, for all some people make so slight on it.

Chap. VII.

† *Of the hard Shifts Mrs.* Bull *was put to, to preserve the Manor of* Bullock's Hatch; *with Sir* Roger's *Method to keep off importunate Duns.*

As *John Bull* and his Wife were talking together, they were surpriz'd with a sudden knocking at the door: *These wicked Scriveners and Lawyers no doubt* (quoth *John*;) and so it was: Some asking for the Money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching Term. *What a cursed Life do I lead?* (quoth *John*) *Debt is like deadly Sin: For God's Sake, Sir* Roger, *get me rid of the Fellows. I'll warrant you* (quoth Sir *Roger*;) *leave them to me.* And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir *Roger*'s method with these importunate

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† Some Attempts to destroy the publick Credit at that Time. Manners of the *E.* of *O.*

Duns; his ſincere Friendſhip for *John Bull*, made him ſubmit to many things for his Service, which he would have ſcorn'd to have done for himſelf. Sometimes he would ſtand at the Door with his long ſtaff to keep off the Duns, 'till *John* got out at the Back-door. When the Lawyers and Tradeſmen brought extravagant Bills, Sir *Roger* uſed to bargain before-hand for leave to cut off a quarter of a yard in any part of the Bill he pleas'd; he wore a pair of Sciſſars in his Pocket for this purpoſe, and would ſnip it off ſo nicely as you cannot imagine: Like a true Goldſmith, he kept all your Holidays; there was not one wanting in his Calendar; when ready Money was ſcarce, he would ſet them a telling a thouſand Pounds in Six-pences, Groats, and Three-penny Pieces. It would have done your heart good to have ſeen him charge through an Army of Lawyers, Attorneys, Clerks and Tradeſmen; ſometimes with Sword in Hand, at other times nuzzling like an Eel in the Mud. When a fellow ſtuck like a Bur, that there was no ſhaking him off, he uſed to be mighty inquiſitive about the health of his Uncles and Aunts in the Country; he could call them all by their Names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would ſend away to ſee ſome ſtrange Sight, as the Dragon of *Hockley the Hole*; or bid him call the 30th of next *February*. † Now and then you would ſee him in the kitchen, weighing the Beef and Butter, paying ready Money, that the Maids might not run a Tick at the Market, and the

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† Some Regulations as to the Purveyance in the Qu—'s Family.

Butchers,

Butchers, by bribing of them, ſell damag'd and light Meat. Another time he would ſlip into the Cellar, and gauge the Caſks. In his leiſure minutes he was poſting his Books, and gathering in his Debts. Such frugal Methods were neceſſary where Money was ſo ſcarce, and Duns ſo numerous. All this while *John* kept his Credit, could ſhew his Head both at *'Change* and *Weſtminſter Hall*; no man proteſted his Bill, nor refuſed his Bond; only the Sharpers and the Scriveners, the Lawyers and other Clerks pelted Sir *Roger* as he went along. The Squirters were at it with their Kennel Water, for they were mad for the loſs of their Bubble, and that they could not get him to mortgage the Manor of *Bullock's Hatch*. Sir *Roger* ſhook his Ears, and nuzzled along, well ſatisfied within himſelf that he was doing a charitable Work, in reſcuing an honeſt man from the claws of *Harpies* and *Blood-ſuckers*. Mrs. *Bull* did all that an affectionate Wife, and a good Houſewife, could do; yet the Boundaries of Virtues are indiviſible Lines, it is impoſſible to march up cloſe to the Frontiers of Frugality, without entering the Territories of Parſimony. Your good Houſewifes are apt to look into the minuteſt things; * therefore ſome blam'd Mrs. *Bull* for new heel-piecing of her Shoes, grudging a quarter of a pound of *Soap* and *Sand* to ſcowre the Rooms; but eſpecially, † that ſhe would not allow her Maids and Apprentices the benefit of *John Bunyan*, the *London Apprentices* or the *Seven Champions*, in the Black Letter.

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* Too great Savings in the H—— of C——s.

† Reſtraining the Liberty of the Preſs by Act of P.

Chap. VIII.

A Continuation of the Conversation betwixt John Bull *and his Wife.*

Mrs. *Bull.* IT is a most sad Life we lead, my Dear, to be so teaz'd, paying Interest for old debts, and still contracting new ones. However, I don't blame you for vindicating your Honour, and chastizing old *Lewis:* To curb the insolent, protect the oppressed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good Effects of the Law: The only thing I want to know, is, how you came to make an end of your Money, before you finish'd your Suit.

John Bull. I was told by the Learned in the Law, that my Suit stood upon three firm Pillars: *More Money for more Law, More Law for more Money,* and *No Composition.* More Money for more Law, was plain to a Demonstration, for who can go to Law without Money? and it was plain, that any man that has Money, may have Law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what Composition could be made with a Rogue, that never kept a Word he said?

Mrs. *Bull.* I think you are most likely to get out of this Labyrinth by the second-door, by want of ready Money to purchase this precious Commodity: But you seem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; else, how was it possible to run so much in debt, when at this very time, the yearly income of what

is

is mortgaged to those Usurers would discharge *Hawr's* Bills, and give you your Belly full of Law for all your life, without running one Six-pence in debt? You have been bred up to Business; I suppose you can cypher; I wonder you never used your Pen and Ink.

John Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear Wife, hold thy Tongue. Suppose a young Heir, heedless, raw, and unexperienced, full of Spirit and Vigour, with a favourite Passion, in the hands of Money-Scriveners: Such fellows are like your Wire-drawing Mills, if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at last, 'till they squeeze the heart, blood and guts out of him. * When I wanted Money, half a dozen of these fellows were always waiting in my Antichamber with their Securities ready drawn. I was tempted with the Ready, some Farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to Lawyers, that like so many Hell-hounds, were ready to devour me. Then the Rogues would plead poverty, and scarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got possession of my best Rents, they were able to supply me with my own money. But what was worse, when I looked into the Securities, there was no Clause of Redemption.

Mrs. *Bull.* No Clause of Redemption say you? that's hard!

John Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worse Trick than that; the

* Methods of preying upon the Necessities of the Government.

ſame man bought and ſold to himſelf, paid the Money, and gave the Acquittance; the ſame man was Butcher and Graſier, Brewer and Butler, Cook and Poulterer. There is ſomething ſtill worſe than all this; there came twenty Bills upon me at once, which I had given money to diſcharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by Brewer, Butcher, and Baker, even my Herb-Woman dunn'd me as I went along the ſtreets. (Thanks to my Friend Sir *Roger*, elſe I muſt have gone to Goal.) When I aſked the meaning of this, I was told, the money went to the Lawyers; Counſel won't tick, Sir; *Hocus* was urging; my Book-keeper ſat ſotting all day, playing at Put and All-fours: In ſhort, by griping Uſurers, devouring Lawyers, and negligent Servants, I am brought to this paſs.

Mrs. *Bull*. This was hard uſage! but methinks, the leaſt Reflection might have retriev'd you.

John Bull. 'Tis true, yet conſider my Circumſtances, my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; beſides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled, they carry'd me from Tavern to Tavern, to Ale-houſes and Brandy-ſhops, and brought me acquainted with ſuch ſtrange dogs! * *There goes the prettieſt Fellow in the World* (ſays one) *for managing a Jury; make him yours. There's another can pick you up Witneſſes: Serjeant ſuch-a-one has a Silver Tongue at the Bar.* I believe, in time, I ſhould have retained every ſingle perſon within the Inns of Court. The night after a Trial, I treated the Lawyers, their Wives and Daughters, with Fiddles, Hautboys, Drums, and Trumpets. I was always hot-

* Hiring ſtill more Troops.

headed;

headed; then they placed me in the middle, the Attornies and their Clerks dancing about me, whooping, and hollowing, *Long live* John Bull, *the Glory and Support of the Law!*

Mrs. *Bull.* Really, husband, you went through a very notable Course.

John Bull. One of the things that first alarm'd me was * that they shewed a spite against my poor old mother. *Lord* (quoth I) *what makes you so jealous of a poor, old, innocent Gentlewoman, that minds only her Prayers, and her Practice of Piety: she never meddles in any of your Concerns? Fob,* (say they) *to see a handsome, brisk, genteel, young Fellow, so much governed by a doating old Woman; why don't you go and suck the Bubby? Do you consider she keeps you out of a good Jointure? She has the best of your Estate settled upon her for a Rent charge: Hang her, old Thief, turn her out of Doors, seize her Lands, and let her go to Law if she dares. Soft and fair, Gentlemen* (quoth I) *my Mother's my Mother, our Family are not of an unnatural Temper. Tho' I don't take all her advice, I won't seize her Jointure; long may she enjoy it, good Woman, I don't grudge it her: She allows me now-and-then a brace of Hundreds for my Law-Suit; that's pretty fair.* About this time the old Gentlewoman fell ill of an ‖ odd sort of a distemper; it began with a coldness and numbness in her limbs, which by degrees, affected the Nerves, (I think the Physicians call them) seiz'd the brain, and at last ended in a Lethargy. It betrayed itself at first in a sort of indifference and carelessness in all

* Railing against the Church.

‖ Carelessness in Forms and Discipline.

her

her actions, coldness to her best friends, and an aversion to stir or go about the common offices of life. She that was the cleanliest creature in the world, never shrunk now if you set a Close-stool under her nose. She that would sometimes rattle off her servants pretty sharply, now if she saw them drink, or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. * Instead of her usual charities to deserving persons, she threw away her money upon roaring swearing bullies and beggars, that went about the streets. *What is the matter with the old Gentlewoman* (said every body) *she never used to do in this manner?* At ‖ last the distemper grew more violent, and threw her downright into raving Fits; in which she shriek'd out so loud, that she disturb'd the whole neighbourhood. In her Fits, she called upon one Sir *William*: ‡ *Oh! Sir* William, *thou hast betray'd me! kill'd me! stabb'd me! sold me to the Cuckold of* Dover-street! *See, see,* Clum *with his bloody Knife! seize him, seize him, stop him! Behold the fury with her hissing Snakes! Where's my Son* John! *Is he well! is he well! poor Man, I pity him*; and abundance more of such strange stuff, that nobody could make any thing of. I knew little of the matter; for when I enquired about her health, the answer was, that *she was in a good moderate way*, Physicians were

* Disposing of some Preferments to libertine and unprincipled Persons.

‖ The too violent clamour about the danger of the Church.

‡ Sir *William*, a cant name of Sir *Humphry*'s, for Lord T———r G———*n*.

sent

sent for in haste: Sir *Roger*, with great difficulty, brought *R——ff*; *G——th* came upon the first message. There were several others called in; but, as usual upon such occasions, they differed strangely at the Consultation. At last they divided into two Parties, one sided with *G——th*, the other with *R——ff*. * Dr. *G——th*. *This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old woman is whimsical; it is a common thing for your old women to be so; I'll pawn my Life, Blisters, with the steel Diet, will recover her.* Others suggested strong purging and letting of blood, because she was plethorick. Some went so far as to say the old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. R——ff, *Gentlemen, you are mistaken in this case; it is plainly an acute distemper, and she cannot hold out three days, unless she is supported with strong Cordials.* I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them what they thought of my mother? *In no manner of danger, I vow to Gad,* (quoth G——th) *the old woman is hysterical, fanciful, Sir, I vow to Gad, I tell you, Sir,* (says R——ff) *she cannot live three days to an end, unless there is some very effectual course taken with her; she has a malignant Fever.* Then fool, puppy, and blockhead were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you, that one Party of the physicians desired I would take my Sister *Peg* into the house to nurse her, but the old Gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked if the lady had

* *G——th*, the Low-Church Party. *R——ff*, High-Church-Party.

ever been us'd to take *Laudanum?* Her maid answer'd not that she knew; but indeed there was a *High German* Livery-man of hers, one * *Yan Ptschirnsooker*, that gave her a sort of a Quack-powder. The Physician desir'd to see it: *Nay*, says he, *there is* Opium *in this, I am sure.*

Mrs. *Bull.* I hope you examined a little into this matter.

John Bull. I did indeed, and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made Oath, That they had heard some of the ‖ *Livery-men* frequently railing at their mistress. "They said, she was a "troublesome fiddle-faddle old woman, and so cere-"monious, that there was no bearing of her. They "were so plagu'd with bowing and cringing as they "went in and out of the room, that their backs "ach'd. She used to scold at one for his dirty shoes, "at another for his greasy hair, and not combing his "head: Then she was so passionate and fiery in her "temper, that there was no living with her; she wan-"ted something to sweeten her blood: That they ne-"ver had a quiet night's rest, for getting up in the "morning to early Sacraments; they wished they could "find some way or another to keep the old woman "quiet in her bed." Such discourses were often overheard among the *Livery-men*, while the said *Yan Ptschirnsooker*, had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit, "That she had seen the said *Yan Ptschirn-"sooker*, one of the *Livery-men*, frequently making "up of medicines, and administring them to all the

* *Yan Ptschirnsooker*, a Bishop at that time, a great dealer in politicks and physick.

‖ The Clergy.

"Neighbours;

" Neighbours; that ſhe ſaw him one morning make " up the powder which her miſtreſs took; that ſhe " had the curioſity to aſk him whence he had the " ingredients? *They come* (ſays he) *from ſeveral parts of de world; dis I have from* Geneva, *dat from* Rome, *this white powder from* Amſterdam, *and the red from* Edinburgh; *but the chief ingredient of all comes from* Turkey. It was likewiſe prov'd, that the ſaid *Yan Ptſchirnſooker*, had been frequently ſeen at the *Roſe* with *Jack*, who was known to bear an inveterate ſpite to his miſtreſs: That he brought a certain powder to his miſtreſs, which the examinant believes to be the ſame, and ſpoke the following words: *Madam, here is grand Secret van de world, my ſweetening powder, it does temperate de Humour, deſpel de Windt, and cure de Vapour, it lulleth and quieteth the animal ſpirits, procuring reſt and pleaſant dreams: It is de infallible receipt for de Scurvy, all beats in de bloodt, and breaking out upon de skin: It is de true blood-Stancher, ſtopping all fluxes of de blood: If you do take dis, you will never ail any ding; it will cure you of all diſeaſes:* And abundance more to this purpoſe, which the examinant does not remember.

JOHN BULL was interrupted in his ſtory by a Porter, that brought him a letter from *Nicholas Frog*, which is as follows.

Chap. IX.

* *A Copy of* Nic. Frog's *Letter to* John Bull.

[John Bull *Reads.*]

Friend *John*,

WHAT *Scbellum is it that makes thee jealous of thy old friend* Nicholas? *Hast thou forgot how some years ago he took thee out of the* † *Spunging-house?* ['Tis true, my Friend *Nic.* did so, and I thank him; but he made me pay a swinging reck-'ning.] *Thou beginn'st now to repent thy bargain that thou wast so fond of; and, if thou durst, would forswear thy own Hand and Seal. Thou say'st, that thou hast purchas'd me too great an Estate already; when, at the same time, thou know'st I have only a Mortgage: 'Tis true, I have possession, and the Tenants own me for Master; but has not Esquire* South *the Equity of Redemption?* [No doubt; and will redeem it very speedily; poor *Nic.* has only possession, eleven points of the Law.] *As for the* § *Turnpikes; I have set up, they are for other people, not for my friend* John; *I have order'd my servant constantly to attend, to let thy Carriages through without paying any thing; only I hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to spoil my Ways. Certainly I have just cause of offence*

* A Letter from the S——s G——l.
† Alluding to the Re——n.
§ The *D—ch* prohibition of Trade.

against

against thee, my friend, for supposing it possible that thou and I should ever quarrel: What houndsfoot is it that puts these whims in thy head? Ten thousand last of Devils haul me, if I don't love thee as I love my life. [No question, as the Devil loves holy water!] *Does not thy own Hand and Seal oblige thee to purchase for me, till I say it is enough? Are not these Words plain? I say it is not enough. Dost thou think thy friend* Nicholas Frog *made a child's bargain? Mark the words of thy Contract,* Tota pecunia, *with all thy money.* [Very well! I have purchas'd with my own money, my childrens, and my grand-childrens money, is not that enough? Well, *tota pecunia* let it be, for at present I have none at all: He would not have me purchase with other people's money sure; since *tota pecunia* is the bargain, I think it is plain, no more money, no more purchase.] *And whatever the world may say,* Nicholas Frog *is but a poor man, in comparison of the rich, the opulent* John Bull, *great Clothier of the world. I have had many losses, six of my best Sheep were drown'd, and the water has come into my Cellar, and spoil'd a Pipe of my best brandy: It would be a more friendly act in thee, to carry a Brief about the Country to repair the losses of thy poor friend. Is it not evident to all the world, that I am still hem'd in by* Lewis Baboon? *Is he not just upon my borders?* [And so he will be if I purchase a thousand Acres more, unless he get somebody betwixt them.] *I tell thee friend* John, *thou hast flatterers, that persuade thee that thou art a man of business; do not believe them: If thou would'st still leave thy affairs in my hands, thou should'st see how handsomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou should'st be dazzled with the inchanted Islands, and Mountains of Gold, that old* Lewis

promises

promises thee! 'Dswounds! why dost thou not lay out thy money to purchase a Place at Court, of honest Israel? *I tell thee, thou must not so much as think of a Composition.* [Not think of a Composition, that's hard indeed; I can't help thinking of it, if I would.] *Thou complain'st of want of money, let thy Wife and Daughters burn the Gold Lace of their Petticoats; sell thy fat Cattle; retrench but a Sirloin of beef and a Peck-Loaf in a Week, from thy gormandizing Guts.* [Retrench my Beef, a dog! Retrench my Beef, then it is plain the rascal has an ill design upon me, he would starve me.] *Mortgage thy Manor of* Bullock's-hatch, *or pawn thy Crop for ten Years.* [A Rogue! part with my Country Seat, my Patrimony, all that I have left in the world; I'll see him hang'd first.] *Why hast thou chang'd thy Attorney? Can any Man manage thy Cause better for thee?* [Very pleasant! because a man has a good Attorney, he must never make an end of his Law-Suit.] *Ah* John! John! *I wish thou knew'st thy own mind; Thou art as fickle as the Wind. I tell thee, thou hadst better let this Composition alone; or leave it to thy*

Loving Friend,

NIC. FROG.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

*Of some extraordinary * Things that pass'd at the* Salutation *Tavern, in the Conference between* Bull, Frog, *Esquire* South *and* Lewis Baboon.

FROG had given his word, that he would meet the above-mention'd company at the *Salutation*, to talk of this agreement. Tho' he durst not directly break his appointment, he made many a shuffling excuse; one time he pretended to be seiz'd with the Gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold, that had struck him deaf of one ear; afterwards two of his Coach-horses fell sick, and he durst not go by water, for fear of catching an Ague. *John* would take no excuse but hurry'd him away: *Come* Nic. (says he) *let's go and hear at least what this old Fellow has to propose! I hope there's no hurt in that.* *Be it so,* (quoth Nic.) *but if I catch any harm, woe be to you; my Wife and Children will curse you as long as they live.* When they were come to the *Salutation*, *John* concluded all was sure then, and that he should be troubled no more with Law

* The Treaty of *Ut—ht*: The difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the *D——ch* would not speak their Sentiments, nor the *F—b* deliver in their Proposals. The House of *Au——a* talk'd very high.

affairs; he thought every body as plain and sincere as he was. *Well, Neighbours*, (quoth he) *let's now make an end of all Matters, and live peaceably together for the time to come; if every body is as well inclin'd as I, we shall quickly come to the upshot of our Affair.* And so pointing to *Frog* to say something, to the great surprize of all the company, *Frog* was seiz'd with a dead palsy in the tongue. *John* began to ask him some plain questions, and whoop'd and hollow'd in his ear. *Let's come to the Point,* Nic! *Who would'st thou have to be Lord* Strutt? *Would'st thou have* Philip Baboon? *Nic.* shook his head, and said nothing. *Wilt thou then have Esquire* South *to be Lord* Strutt? *Nic.* shook his head a second time. *Then who the Devil wilt thou have? say something or another.* *Nic.* open'd his mouth and pointed to his tongue, and cry'd, *A, a, a, a!* which was as much as to say, he could not speak. *John Bull.*] *Shall I serve* Philip Baboon *with broad Cloath, and accept of the Composition that he offers, with the Liberty of his Parks and Fish-ponds?* Then *Nic.* roar'd like a Bull, O, *a, a, a!* John Bull.] *If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou take them thyself?* Then *Nic.* grinn'd, cackl'd, and laugh'd, till he was like to kill himself, and seem'd to be so pleas'd, that he fell a frisking and dancing about the room. John Bull.] *Shall I leave all this matter to thy management,* Nic. *and go about my business?* Then *Nic.* got up a glass and drank to *John*, shaking him by the hand till he had like to have shook his shoulder out of Joint. John Bull.] *I understand thee,* Nic. *but I shall make thee speak before I go.* Then *Nic.* put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry *Buck*; which was as much as to say, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull.] *I have done* Nic. *if thou wilt not*

speak, I'll make my own Terms with old Lewis *here.* Then *Nic.* loll'd out his Tongue, and turn'd up his Bum to him; which was as much as to say, Kiss ——

John perceiving that *Frog* would not speak, turns to old *Lewis*: *Since we cannot make this obstinate fellow speak,* Lewis, *pray condescend a little to his humour, and set down thy Meaning upon Paper, that he may answer it in another Scrap.*

I am infinitely sorry (quoth Lewis) *that it happens so unfortunately; for playing a little at Cudgels t'other day, a fellow has given me such a Rap over the Right-arm, that I am quite lame: I have lost the Use of my Forefinger and my Thumb, so that I cannot hold my Pen.*

John Bull. *That's all one, let me write for you.*

Lewis. *But I have a Misfortune that I cannot read any body's Hand but my own.*

John Bull. *Try what you can do with your Left-hand.*

Lewis. *That's impossible; it will make such a Scrawl that it will not be legible.*

As they were talking of this matter, in came Esquire *South*, all dress'd up in Feathers and Ribbons, stark staring mad, brandishing his Sword, as if he would have cut off their heads; *crying, Room, room, Boys, for the grand Esquire of the World! the Flower of Esquires! What! cover'd in my Presence? I'll crush your Souls, and crack you like Lice!* With that he had like to have struck *John Bull*'s Hat into the Fire; but *John*, who was pretty strong-fisted, gave him such a squeeze as made his eyes water. He went on still in his mad pranks; *When I am Lord of the Universe, the Sun shall prostrate and a-*

dore me! Thou, Frog, *shalt be my Bailiff;* Lewis *my Taylor; and thou,* John Bull, *shalt be my Fool!*

All this while *Frog* laugh'd in his sleeve, gave the Esquire t'other Noggan of Brandy, and clapp'd him on the Back, which made him ten times madder.

Poor *John* stood in amaze, talking thus to himself: *Well,* John, *thou art got into rare Company! One has a dumb Devil, t'other a mad Devil, and the third a Spirit of Infirmity. An honest man has a fine Time on't amongst such Rogues. What art thou asking of them, after all? Some mighty Boon one would think! only to sit quietly at thy own Fire-side. 'Sdeath, what have I to do with such Fellows!* John Bull, *after all his Losses and Crosses, can live better without them, than they can without him. Would to God I liv'd a thousand Leagues off them! but the Devil's in't,* John Bull *is in, and* John Bull *must get out as well as he can.*

As he was talking to himself, he observ'd *Frog* and *Old Lewis* edging * towards one another to whisper; so that *John* was forc'd to sit with his Arms a-kimbo, to keep them asunder.

Some people advis'd *John* to blood *Frog* under the Tongue, or take away his Bread and Butter, which would certainly make him speak; to give Esquire *South* Hellebore; as for *Lewis,* some were for emollient Pultesses, others for opening his Arm with an Incision-Knife.

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* Some Attempts of Secret Negotiation between the *F——b* and the *D——h.*

CHAP.

*CHAP. XI.

The Apprehending, Examination, and Imprisonment of Jack, *for Suspicion of Poisoning.*

THE attentive Reader cannot have forgot, that the Story of *Yan Ptschirnsooker's* Powder was interrupted by a message from *Frog*. I have a natural compassion for curiosity, being much troubled with the distemper myself; therefore to gratify that uneasy itching Sensation in my Reader, I have procur'd the following Account of that matter.

Yan Ptschirnsooker came off (as Rogues usually do upon such occasions) by peaching his Partner: and being extremely forward to bring him to the Gallows, † *Jack* was accused as the Contriver of all the Roguery. And, indeed, it happen'd unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a most inveterate spight against the old Gentlewoman; and consequently, that never any ill Accident happen'd to her, but he was suspected to be at the bottom of it. If she prick'd her Finger, *Jack*, to be sure, laid the Pin in the way; if some Noise in the Street disturb'd her Rest, who could it be but *Jack*

* The four following Chapters contain the History of passing the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*, and of the *Whigs* agreeing to it.

† All the Misfortunes of the Church charg'd upon the P——an Party.

in some of his Nocturnal Rambles? If a Servant run away, *Jack* had debauch'd him: Every idle tittle-tattle that went about, *Jack* was always suspected for the author of it: However, all was nothing to this last affair, of the temperating, moderating Powder.

The hue and cry went after *Jack*, to apprehend him dead or alive, where-ever he could be found. The Constables look'd out for him in all his usual haunts; but to no purpose. Where d'ye think they found him at last? E'vn smoaking his pipe very quietly, at his Brother *Martin*'s; from whence he was carried with a vast mob at his heels, before the Worshipful Mr. Justice *Overdo*. Several of his Neighbours made Oath, * that of late, the prisoner had been observ'd to lead a very dissolute life, renouncing even his usual Hypocrisy, and Pretences to Sobriety: That he frequented Taverns and Eating-houses, and had been often guilty of Drunkenness and Gluttony at my Lord-Mayor's Table: That he had been seen in the company of lewd women: That he had transferr'd his usual care of the engross'd Copy of his Father's Will, to Bank Bills, Orders for Tallies and Debentures †: These he now affirmed with more literal Truth, to be ‖, *Meat, Drink, and Cloth, the Philosopher's Stone, and the Universal Medicine*: That he was so far from shewing his customary Reverence to the *Will*, that he kept company with those that call'd his Father a

* The Manners of the Dissenters chang'd from their former Strictness.

† Dealing much in Stock-jobbing.

‖ Tale of a Tub.

cheating

cheating Rogue, and his Will a Forgery ‡: That he not only sat quietly and heard his Father rail'd at, but often chim'd in with the Discourse, and hugg'd the Authors as his Bosom Friends; § *That instead of asking for Blows at the Corners of the Streets*, he now bestow'd them as plentifully as he begg'd them before. In short, that he was grown a meer Rake; and had nothing left in him of old *Jack*, except his Spight to *John Bull*'s Mother.

Another Witness made Oath, That *Jack* had been overheard bragging of a * Trick he had found out to manage the *old formal Jade*, as he used to call her. "Damn this Numb-skull of mine (quoth he) that "I could not light on it sooner. As long as I "go in this ragged tatter'd coat, I am so well known, "that I am hunted away from the old woman's "door by every barking Cur about the house; they "bid me defiance. There's no doing mischief as an "open Enemy, I must find some way or other of "getting within doors, and then I shall have better "Opportunities of playing my pranks besides the "benefit of good keeping."

‖ Two Witnesses swore, that several years ago, there came to their Mistress's door a young fellow in a tatter'd coat, that went by the name of *Timothy Trim*, whom they did in their conscience believe to be the very Prisoner, resembling him in Shape, Stature,

‡ Herding with Deists and Atheists.

§ Tale of a Tub.

* Getting into Places and Church Preferments by Occasional Conformity.

‖ Betraying the Interests of the Church when got into Preferments.

ture, and the Features of his Countenance: That the ſaid *Timothy Trim* being taken into the Family, clapp'd their Miſtreſs's Livery over his own tatter'd coat: That the ſaid *Timothy* was extremely officious about their Miſtreſs's Perſon, endeavouring by Flattery and Tale-bearing, to ſet her againſt the reſt of the Servants: No-body was ſo ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropt. That he uſed to ſhove and elbow his fellow-ſervants to get near his Miſtreſs, eſpecially when money was a paying or receiving, then he was never out of the way: That he was extremely diligent about every body's Buſineſs but his own. That the ſaid *Timothy*, while he was in the Family, us'd to be playing roguiſh tricks; when his Miſtreſs's back was turn'd, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like *Harlequin*, ridiculing her motions and geſtures; but if his Miſtreſs look'd about, he put on a grave, demure Countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: That he us'd often to trip up ſtairs ſo ſmoothly that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order; That he would pinch the Children and Servants, when he met them in the dark, ſo hard, that he left the print of his Fore-fingers and his Thumb in black and blue, and then ſlink into a corner, as if no body had done it: Out of the ſame malicious deſign, he us'd to lay chairs and joint-ſtools in their way, that they might break their noſes by falling over them: The more young and unexperienced he us'd to teach to talk ſaucily, and call names: During his ſtay in the family, there was much plate miſſing; being catch'd with a couple of ſilver ſpoons in his pocket, with their handles wrench'd off; he ſaid, he was only going to carry them to the Goldſmiths to be mended: That the ſaid *Timothy* was

hated

hated by all the honeſt Servants, for his ill-condition'd, ſplenetick tricks, but eſpecially for his ſlanderous tongue; traducing them to their Miſtreſs, as Drunkards, Thieves and Whore-maſters: That the ſaid *Timothy* by lying ſtories, uſed to ſet all the Family together by the Ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; * particularly one day ſitting at Table, he ſpoke words to this effect: "I am "of opinion (*quoth he*) that little ſhort fellows, "ſuch as we are, have better hearts, and could beat "the tall fellows; I wiſh it came to a fair Trial, "I believe theſe long fellows, as ſightly as they are, "ſhould find their Jackets well thwack'd."

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themſelves affronted by the diſcourſe, took up the Quarrel, and to't they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues ſtill a Faction in the family, to the great diſorder of our Miſtreſs's Affairs: The ſaid *Timothy* carried this frolick ſo far, that he propos'd to his Miſtreſs, that ſhe ſhould entertain no Servant that was above four foot ſeven inches high, and for that purpoſe had prepar'd a Gage, by which they were to be meaſur'd: The good old Gentlewoman was not ſo ſimple as to go into his project, ſhe began to ſmell a Rat. "This *Trim* (quoth ſhe) is an "odd ſort of a fellow, methinks he makes a ſtrange "Figure with that ragged, tatter'd Coat, appearing "under his Livery; can't he go ſpruce and clean, "like the reſt of the Servants? the fellow has a "roguiſh Leer with him, which I don't like by any

* The Original of the Diſtinction in the Names of Low-Churchmen and High-Churchmen.

"means;

"means; besides, he has such a twang in his dis-
"course, and an ungraceful way of speaking through
"the nose, that one can hardly understand him; I
"wish the fellow be not tainted with some bad
"disease. The Witnesses farther made Oath, that
the said *Timothy* lay out a-nights, and went abroad
often at unseasonable hours; and it was credibly re-
ported, he did business in another family: that he
pretended to have a squeamish Stomach, and could
not eat at table with the rest of the Servants, tho'
this was but a pretence to provide some nice bit for
himself; that he refused to dine upon salt-fish, only
to have an opportunity to eat a Calf's Head (his
favourite dish) in private; that for all his tender
Stomach, when he was got by himself, he could de-
vour Capons, Turkeys and Sirloins of Beef, like a
Cormorant.

Two other Witnesses gave the following Evidence:
That in his officious attendance upon his Mistress,
he had try'd to slip a Powder into her drink, and
that he was once catch'd endeavouring to stifle her
with a pillow as she was asleep: that he and *Pischirn-
sooker* were often in close conference, and that they
used to drink together at the *Rose*, where it seems
he was well enough known by his true name of
Jack.

The Prisoner had little to say in his defence; he
endeavour'd to prove himself *Alibi*; so that the
Trial turn'd upon this single Question, whether the
said *Timothy Trim* and *Jack* were the same Person;
which was prov'd by such plain tokens and particu-
larly by a Mole under the left Pap, that there was
no withstanding the Evidence; therefore the wor-
shipful Mr. Justice committed him, in order to his
Trial.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How Jack's Friends came to visit him in Prison, and what Advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had pass'd in the world for a poor, simple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brain'd fellow. People were strangely surprized to find him in such a Roguery; that he should disguise himself under a false Name, hire himself out for a Servant to an old Gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poison her. They said, that it was more generous to profess open Enmity, than under a profound Dissimulation, to be guilty of such a scandalous Breach of Trust, and of the sacred Rights of Hospitality. In short, the Action was universally condemn'd by his best Friends; they told him in plain Terms, that this was come as a Judgment upon him for his loose Life, his Gluttony, Drunkenness, and Avarice, for laying aside his Father's *Will* in an old mouldy trunk, and turning Stock-jobber, News-monger, and Busy-body, medling with other people's Affairs, shaking off his old serious Friends, and keeping company with Buffoons and Pick-pockets, his Father's sworn Enemies: that he had best throw himself upon the mercy of the Court; repent, and change his manners. To say truth, *Jack* heard these discourses with some compunction; however, he resolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: they

they sent * *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, who deliver'd him the following Message, as the peremptory Commands of his trusty Companions.

Habbakkuk. Dear *Jack*, I am sorry for thy misfortune: matters have not been carried on with due secrecy; however we must make the best of a bad bargain: thou art in the utmost Jeopardy, that's certain; hang, draw and quarter, are the gentlest things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy security, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible Expedient left to save thy life: thou must know, we have got into some understanding with the Enemy, by the means of ‡ *Don Diego*; he assures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to escape; it is indeed somewhat out of the common Road; however, be assur'd it is the result of most mature deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is sunk down in the very bottom of my belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous opinion of your Friends, that you † *make as if you hanged yourself*; they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your Body out of Prison in a Bier; and *John Bull* being busied with his Law-Suit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hang'd myself.

---

* *Habbakkuk Slyboots*, a certain great Man who persuaded the Dissenters to consent to the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*, as being for their Interest.

‡ A Noble Tory Lord.

† Consent to the Bill against *Occasional Conformity*.

Hab.

Hab. Nay, you muſt really hang yourſelf up, in a true genuine Rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the reſt to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of ſome concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: a Rope and a Nooſe are no jeſting matters!

Hab. Why ſo miſtruſtful? haſt thou ever found us falſe to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I preſume to aſk who it is, that is entruſted with ſo important an office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy How's and thy Why's? *That's a Secret.*

Jack. A Secret, perhaps, that I may be ſafely truſted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no ſtrange thing for a man, before he hangs himſelf up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou ſuſpicious creature! if thou muſt needs know it, I tell thee it is * Sir *Roger*: He has been in tears ever ſince thy misfortune. *Don Diego* and we have laid it ſo, that he is to be in the next Room, and before the Rope is well about thy Neck, reſt ſatisfied, he will break in and cut thee down: Fear not, old Boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I muſt hang myſelf up, upon hopes that Sir *Roger* will cut me down, and all this upon

* It was given out that the Earl of *O——d* would oppoſe the Occaſional Bill, and ſo loſe his Credit with the Tories; and the Diſſenters did believe he would not ſuffer it to paſs.

the

the Credit of *Don Diego:* A fine Stratagem indeed to save my life, that depends upon hanging, *Don Diego*, and Sir *Roger!*

Hab. I tell thee there is a *Mystery* in all this, my friend, a piece of profound *Policy*; if thou knew what good this will do to the *Common Cause*, thy heart would leap for joy: I am sure thou wouldst not delay the Experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to the tune of *All for the better*. What's your Cause to me, when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory mortal! If thou wilt not trust thy Friends, take what follows; know assuredly, before next full-moon, that thou wilt be hung up in Chains, or thy quarters perching upon the most conspicuous Places of the Kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging; they talk of empaling, or breaking on the wheel; and thou chusest that, before a gentle suspending of thy self for one minute. Hanging is not so painful a thing as thou imaginest. I have spoke with several that have undergone it, they all agree it is no manner of uneasiness: Be sure thou take good notice of the symptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry mouth or so: Sir *Roger* will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack. But what if Sir *Roger* should not come; will my Friends be there to succour me.

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing against to-morrow morning, do thou keep thy own secret, say nothing: I tell thee, it is absolutely necessary for the common good, that thou shouldst go through this Operation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How Jack *hanged himself up by the Persuasion of his Friends, who broke their Words, and left his Neck in the Noose.*

JACK was a profess'd Enemy to *Implicit Faith*, and yet I dare say it was never more strongly exerted, nor more basely abused, than upon this occasion. He was now with his old Friends in the state of a poor disbanded Officer after a Peace, or rather a wounded Soldier after a Battle; like an old Favourite of a cunning Minister after the Job is over; or a decay'd Beauty to a cloy'd Lover in quest of new Game; or like an hundred such things that one sees every day. There were new Intrigues, new Views, new Projects on foot; *Jack*'s Life was the Purchase of *Diego*'s Friendship, much good may it do them. The interest of *Hocus* and Sir *William Crawley*, which was now more at heart, made this Operation upon poor *Jack* absolutely necessary. You may easily guess that his Rest that night was but small, and much disturb'd; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his Custom was formerly) in Prayer, Meditation, or singing a double Verse of a Psalm, but amused himself with disposing of his Bank-Stock. Many a Doubt, many a Qualm, overspread his clouded Imagination: "Must I then (quoth he) hang up my own personal, "natural, individual self, with these two hands!

"*Durus*

" *Durus Sermo!* What if I ſhould be cut down, " as my Friends tell me? There is ſomething in- " famous in the very Attempt; the world will con- " clude I had a guilty Conſcience. Is it poſſible that " good man, Sir *Roger*, can have ſo much pity upon " an unfortunate Scoundrel, that has perſecuted him " ſo many years? No, it cannot be; I don't love " Favours that paſs thro' *Don Diego*'s hands. On " the other ſide, my blood chills about my heart, " at the thought of theſe Rogues, with their bloody " hands grabbling in my guts, and pulling out my " very entrails: Hang it, for once I'll truſt my " Friends." So *Jack* reſolved; but he had done more wiſely to have put himſelf upon the Trial of his Country, and made his Defence in Form; many things happen between the Cup and the Lip. Witneſſes might have been bribed, Juries manag'd, or Proſecution ſtopped. But ſo it was, *Jack* for this time had a ſufficient Stock of implicit Faith, which led him to his ruin as the ſequel of the ſtory ſhews.

And now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His Friends did not fail him at the appointed hour, to ſee it put in practice. *Habbakkuk* brought him a ſmooth ſtrong, tough Rope, made of many a Ply of wholeſome *Scandinavian* Hemp, compactly twiſted together, with a Nooſe that ſlipt as glib as a Bird-catcher's Gin. *Jack* ſhrunk and grew pale at firſt ſight of it; he handled it, he meaſur'd it, ſtretched it, fixed it againſt the Iron Bar of the Window to try its ſtrength, but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickneſs, and the twiſt, nay, the very colour did not pleaſe him. " Will nothing leſs than hanging ſerve " (quoth *Jack*) won't my enemies take Bail for my

" good

" good Behaviour? Will they accept of a Fine, or " be satisfied with the Pillory and Imprisonment, a " good round Whipping, or burning in the Cheek?

Hab. Nothing but your blood will appease their rage; make haste, else we shall be discovered. There's nothing like surprizing the Rogues: How they will be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their Revenge, and hanged thine own self?

Jack. That's true; but what if I should do it in Effigie? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? we are not so unlike, but it may pass.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir *Roger*.

Jack. Are you sure he is in the next Room? Have you provided a very sharp Knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. Dost take me for a common Lyar? be satisfied, no damage can happen to your Person; your Friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my Rope? It galls my Neck strangely: Besides, I don't like this running Knot, it holds too tight, I may be stifled all of a sudden.

Hab. Thou hast so many If's and And's; prithee dispatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But now I think on't, I would fain settle some Affairs, for fear of the worst: Have a little Patience.

Hab. There's no having Patience, thou art such a faintling, silly creature.

Jack. O thou most detestable, abominable *Passive Obedience!* did I ever imagine I should become thy Votary, in so pregnant an instance! How will my

Brother *Martin* laugh at this story, to see himself out-done in his own Calling? He has taken the Doctrine, and left me the Practice.

No sooner had he uttered these words, but like a man of true courage, he ty'd the fatal Cord to the Beam, fitted the Noose, and mounted upon the bottom of a Tub, the Inside of which he had often gracéd in his prosperous days. This Footstool *Habbakkuk* kick'd away, and left poor *Jack* swinging, like the Pendulum of *Paul*'s Clock. The fatal noose perform'd its office, and with most strict Ligature squeez'd the blood into his face, till it assum'd a purple dye. While the poor man heav'd from the very bottom of his Belly for Breath, *Habbakkuk* walk'd with great deliberation into both the upper and lower Room, to acquaint his Friends, who received the News with great Temper, and with Jeers and Scoffs instead of Pity. "*Jack* has hang'd himself, "quoth they! let us go and see how the poor Rogue "swings. Then they call'd Sir *Roger*. "Sir *Roger* (quoth *Habbakkuk*) *Jack* has hang'd himself, "make haste and cut him down." Sir *Roger* turn'd first one ear, and then t'other, not understanding what he said.

Hab. I tell you *Jack* has hang'd himself up.

Sir *Roger*. Who's hang'd.

Hab. *Jack*.

Sir *Roger*. I thought this had not been hanging day.

Hab. But the poor fellow has hang'd himself.

Sir *Roger*. Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the fellow has been mad these twenty years. With this he slunk away.

Then *Jack*'s Friends begun to hunch and push one another, *Why don't you go and cut the poor fellow down?*

down? Why don't you? And why don't you? Not I (quoth one;) *Not I* (quoth another;) *Not I* (quoth a third;) *he may hang till Doomsday before I relieve him.* Nay, it is credibly reported that they were so far from succouring their poor Friend in this his dismal Circumstance, that *Ptschirnsonker* and several of his Companions went in and pull'd him by the Legs, and thump'd him on the Breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had advis'd and justified before, *viz.* his getting into the old Gentlewoman's Family, and putting on her Livery. The Keeper, who perform'd the last office; coming up, found *Jack* swinging, with no Life in him; he took down the Body gently and laid it on a Bulk, and brought out the Rope to the Company. *This, Gentlemen, is the Rope that hang'd* Jack; *what must be done with it?* Upon which they order'd it to be laid among the Curiosities of *Gresham-College*, and it is call'd *Jack's Rope* to this very day. However, *Jack*, after all, had some small Tokens of Life in him, but lies at this time past all hopes of a total Recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without Speech or Motion. The Coroner's Inquest supposing him to be dead, brought him in *Non Compos.*

CHAP. XIV.

The Conference between Don Diego *and* John Bull.

DURING the time of the foregoing Transactions, *Don Diego* was entertaining *John Bull.*

D. Diego. I hope Sir, this Day's Proceeding will convince you of the Sincerity of your old Friend *Diego*, and the Treachery of Sir *Roger*.

J. Bull. What's the matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring for several years, to have Justice done upon that Rogue *Jack*, but what through the Remissness of Constables, Justices, and pack'd Juries, he has always found the means to escape.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Consider then, who is your best Friend, he that would have brought him to condign Punishment, or he that has sav'd him. By my Persuasion *Jack* had hang'd himself, if Sir *Roger* had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you that Sir *Roger* has done so?

D. Diego. You seem to receive me coldly; methinks my Services deserve a better Return.

J. Bull. Since you value yourself upon hanging this poor Scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging-work, I'll send for thee: I have some better employment for Sir *Roger*: In the mean time, I desire the poor fellow may be look'd after. When he

he first came out of the North Country into my Family, under the pretended Name of *Timothy Trim*, the fellow seem'd to mind his Loom and his Spinning-wheel, 'till somebody turn'd his head; then he grew so pragmatical, that he took upon him the Government of my whole Family: I could never order any thing, within or without doors, but he must be always giving his Counsel, forsooth: Nevertheless, tell him, I will forgive what is past; and if he would mind his Business for the future, and not meddle out of his own sphere, he will find, that *John Bull* is not of a cruel disposition.

D. Diego. Yet all your skilful Physicians say, that nothing can recover your Mother, but a piece of *Jack*'s Liver boil'd in her Soupe.

J. Bull. Those are Quacks: My Mother abhors such Cannibals Food: She is in perfect health at present: I would have given many a good Pound to have had her so well some time ago. * There are indeed two or three troublesome old Nurses, that, because they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet Night's Rest with knocking me up: "Oh, Sir, your Mother is taken extremely ill! she "is fallen into a fainting Fit! she has a great Emp-"tiness, wants Sustenance!" This is only to recommend themseves for their great Care: *John Bull*, as simple as he is, understands a little of a Pulse.

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* New Clamours about the Danger of the Church.

Chap. XV.

The Sequel of the Meeting at the * Salutation.

WHERE I think I left *John Bull*, sitting between *Nic. Frog* and *Lewis Baboon*, with his Arms a-kimbo, in great concern to keep *Lewis* and *Nic.* asunder. As watchful as he was, *Nic.* found the means now and then to steal a whisper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table, to slip a short Note into *Lewis*'s hand; which *Lewis* as slily put into *John*'s pocket, with a pinch or a jogg, to warn him what he was about. *John* had the curiosity to retire into a corner, to peruse these † *Billet doux* of *Nic*'s; wherein he found that *Nic.* had used great Freedoms, both with his Interest and Reputation. One contain'd these words: *Dear* Lewis, *Thou seest clearly that this Blockhead can never bring his Matters to bear: Let thee and me talk to-night by ourselves, at the* Rose, *and I'll give thee Satisfaction.* Another was thus express'd; *Friend* Lewis, *Has thy Sense quite forsaken thee, to make* Bull *such Offers? Hold fast, part with nothing, and I will give thee a better Bargain, I'll warrant thee.*

In some of his Billets he told *Lewis*, "That *John* "*Bull* was under his Guardianship; that the best

* At the Congress of *U——cht.*

† Some Offers of the *D—b* at that time, in order to get the Negotiation into their hands.

"part

"part of his Servants were at his command; that he "could have *John* gag'd and bound whenever he "pleas'd by the people of his own family." In all these Epistles, Blockhead, Dunce, Ass, Coxcomb, were the best Epithets he gave poor *John*. In others he threatened, * "That he, Esquire *South*, and the "rest of the Tradesmen, would lay *Lewis* down up-"on his Back, and beat out his Teeth, if he did not "retire immediately, and break up the Meeting."

I fancy I need not tell my Reader, that *John* often chang'd Colour as he read, and that his Fingers itch'd to give *Nic.* a good slap on the chops; but he wisely moderated his cholerick temper. ** "I "sav'd this fellow (quoth he) from the Gallows, "when he ran away from his last master, because "I thought he was harshly treated; but the Rogue "was no sooner safe under my protection, than he "began to lye, pilfer and steal like the Devil. When "I first set him up in a warm house, he had hardly "put up his Sign, when he began to debauch my "best Customers from me. * Then it was his con-"stant practice to rob my Fish-ponds, not only to "feed his Family, but to trade with the Fishmongers: "I conniv'd at the fellow till he began to tell me, "that they were his as much as mine. In my Ma-"nor of * *Eastcheap*, because it lay at some distance "from my constant inspection, he broke down my

* Threatening that the *Allies* would carry on the War, without the help of the *E—gl*.

** Complaints against the *D—ch* for Encroachment in Trade, Fishery, *East-Indies*, &c. The War with the *D—h* on these Accounts.

"Fences, robb'd my Orchards, and beat my Servants. When I used to reprimand him for his Trick, he would talk saucily, lye, and brazen it out, as if he had done nothing amiss. Will nothing cure thee of thy Pranks, *Nic?* (quoth I) I shall be forced sometime or other to chastise thee. The Rogue got up his Cane and threatened me, and was well thwack'd for his pains. But I think his Behaviour at this time worst of all; after I have almost drowned myself to keep his head above water, he would leave me sticking in the mud, trusting to his goodness to help me out. After I have beggar'd myself with his troublesome Law-Suit, with a Pox to him, he takes it in mighty dudgeon, because I have brought him here to end Matters amicably, and because I won't let him make me over by Deed and Indenture as his lawful Cully; which to my certain knowledge he has attempted several times. But, after all, canst thou gather Grapes from Thorns? *Nic.* does not pretend to be a Gentleman; he is a Tradesman, a self-seeking Wretch; But how cameſt thou to bear all this, *John?* The Reason is plain; thou conferrest the Benefits, and he receives them; the first produces Love, and the last Ingratitude. Ah! *Nic.* *Nic.* thou art a damn'd dog, that's certain; thou knoweſt too well that I will take care of thee; else thou wouldst not use me thus. I won't give thee up, it is true; but as true as it is, thou shalt not sell me, according to thy laudable Custom."

While *John* was deep in this Soliloquy, *Nic.* broke out into the following Protestation.

GENTLE-

GENTLEMEN,

I believe every body here present will allow me to be a very just and disinterested person. My friend John Bull *here is very angry with me, forsooth, because I won't agree to his foolish Bargains. Now I declare to all Mankind, I should be ready to sacrifice my own Concerns to his Quiet; but the Care of his Interest, and that of the honest* * Tradesmen *that are embark'd with us, keeps me from entering into this Composition. What shall become of those poor Creatures? The Thoughts of their impending Ruin disturbs my Night's Rest, therefore I desire they may speak for themselves. If they are willing to give up this Affair, I shan't make two Words of it.*

John Bull begg'd him to lay aside that immoderate Concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the interest of those Tradesmen had not sat quite so heavy upon him some years ago, on a like occasion. *Nic.* answer'd little to that, but immediately pull'd out a Boatswain's Whistle. Upon the first whiff, the *Tradesmen* came jumping into the Room, and began to surround *Lewis*, like so many yelping Curs about a great Boar; or, to use a modester Simile, like Duns at a great Lords Levee the morning he goes into the Country. One pull'd him by his Sleeve, another by the Skirt, a third hallow'd in the Ear: They began to ask him for all that had been taken from their forefathers by stealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchase: Some ask'd for Manors, others

* The *A*———*s*.

or

for Acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his Fences, level his Ditches: All agreed in one common demand, that he ſhould be purg'd, ſweated, vomited, and ſtarv'd, till he came to a ſizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours: One modeſtly aſk'd him leave to call him Brother; *Nic. Frog* demanded two things, to be his Porter and his Fiſhmanger, to keep the Keys of his Gates, and furniſh the Kitchen. *John*'s Siſter *Peg* only deſir'd that he would let his Servants ſing Pſalms a Sundays. Some deſcended even to the aſking of old Cloaths, Shoes, and Boots, broken Bottles, Tobacco-pipes, and Ends of Candles.

Monſieur *Bull* (quoth *Lewis*) you ſeem to be a Man of ſome Breeding; for God's ſake uſe your Intereſt with theſe Meſſieurs, that they wou'd ſpeak but one at once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands, and as many tongues, he cannot ſatisfy them all at this rate. *John* begg'd they might proceed with ſome method; then they ſtopp'd all of a ſudden, and would not ſay a word. If this be your Play (quoth *John*) that we may not be like a Quaker's dumb Meeting, let us begin ſome Diverſion; what d'ye think of Rouly-pouly, or a Country Dance; What if we ſhould have a Match at Foot-ball? I am ſure we ſhall never end Matters at this rate.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

How John Bull *and* Nic. Frog *settled their Accompts.*

J. Bull. DURING this general Cessation of Talk, what if you and I, *Nic.* should enquire how Money-matters stand between us?

Nic. Frog. With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let *Hocus* audit; he knows how the money was disburs'd.

J. Bull. I am not much for that at present; we'll settle it between ourselves: Fair and square, *Nic.* keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this Law-Suit, at one time, 36000 Pounds and 40000 Crowns: In some cases I, in others you, bear the greatest proportion.

Nic. Right: I pay three fifths of the greatest number, and you pay two thirds of the lesser number: I think this is fair and square as you call it.

John. Well, go on.

Nic. Two thirds of 36000 Pounds are 24000 Pounds for your share, and there remains 12000 for mine. Again, of the 40000 Crowns I pay 24000, which is three fifths, and you pay only 16000, which is two fifths; 24000 Crowns make 6000 Pounds; and 16000 Crowns make 4000 Pounds; 12000 and 6000 make 18000; 24000 and 4000 make 28000. So there are 18000 Pounds to my share of the expences, and 28000 to yours.

After

After *Nic.* had bambouzled *John* awhile about the 18000 and the 28000, *John* call'd for counters; but what with slight of hand, and taking from his own Score, and adding to *John's*, *Nic.* brought the balance always on his own side.

J. Bull. Nay, good friend *Nic.* though I am not quite so nimble in the fingers, I understand cyphering as well as you. I will produce you my Accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books: and here I begin with the first. You must excuse me if I don't pronounce the Law Terms right.

[*John Reads.*].

For the *Expences ordinary* of the Suits, Fees to Judges, puny Judges, Lawyers innumerable of all sorts.

Of *Extraordinaries*, as follows *per* Accompt - -

To Esquire *South's* Accompt for *post Terminums*

To *ditto* for *Non est Factums*

To *ditto* for *Noli Prosequi's*, *Discontinuance*, and *Retraxit*.

For *Writs of Error*. - - -

Suits of *Conditions unperform'd* - - -

To *Hocus* for *Dedimus protestatem* - -

To *ditto* for *a Capias ad Computandum* - -

To *Frog's* new Tenants *per* Accompt to *Hocus*, for *Audita querela's* - - - -

On the said Account for Writs of *Ejectment* and *Distringas* - - - - -

To Esquire *South's* Quota for a Return of a *Non est Invent*, and *Nulla habet bona* - -

To—— for a Pardon *in forma pauperis* - -

To *Jack* for a *Melius inquirendum* upon a *Felo de se* - - - - - -

To

To Coach-hire - - - 4

For Treats to Juries and Witnesses - -

John having read over his Articles, with the respective sums, brought in *Frog* debtor to him upon the Balance - - 3382 12 00

Then *Nic. Frog* pull'd his Bill out of his Pocket and began to read:

Nicholas Frog's Account.

Remains to be deducted out of the former Account.

Paid by *Nic. Frog*, for his share of the *ordinary Expences* of the Suit - - - - -

To *Hocus* for entries of a *Rege inconsulto* - -

To *John Bull's* Nephew for a *Venire facias*, the Money not yet all laid out - - -

The Coach-hire for my Wife and Family, and the Carriage of my Goods during the time of this Law-Suit - - - - -

For the Extraordinary Expences of feeding my Family during this Law-Suit - - -

To Major *Ab.* - - - -

To Major *Will.* - - - -

And summing all up, found due upon the Balance by *John Bull* to *Nic. Frog* - 09 04 06

John Bull. As for your *Venire facias* I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be nonsuited. I'll take care of my Nephew myself. Your *Coach-hire* and family charges are most unreasonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any Man in the world my debtor. But who the Devil are those two *Majors* that consume all my money?

money? I find they always run away with the Balance in all Accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honest Gentlemen, I assure you, that have done me some service. To tell you plainly, *Major Ab.* denotes thy greater *Ability*, and *Major Will.* thy greater *Willingness* to carry on this Law-Suit. It was but reasonable thou shouldst pay both for thy *Power* and thy *Positiveness*.

J. Bull. I believe I shall have those two honest *Majors* discount on my side in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this haggling with thy friend about such a paltry Sum? Does this become the generosity of the noble and rich *John Bull*? I wonder thou art not asham'd. Oh *Horus! Horus!* where art thou? It used to go another guess manner in thy time. When a poor man has almost undone himself for thy sake; thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy Conscience, *John*?

J. Bull. Very pleasant indeed! It is well known thou retainest thy Lawyers by the year, so a fresh Law-Suit adds but little to thy expences; * they are thy customers; I hardly ever sell them a farthing's-worth of any thing: Nay, thou hast set up an Eating-house, where the whole tribe of them spend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckon'd, I believe thou gettest more of my money, than thou spendest of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at least that thy Accompts are false.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I, I refer myself to these honest gentlemen, let them judge between us. Let

* The Money spent in *H—d* and *Fl—s*.

Esquire

Esquire *South* speak his mind, whether my Accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our Law-Suit.

J. Bull. Consult the butchers about keeping of *Lent*. Dost think that *John Bull* will be try'd by *Pypowders*? I tell you once for all, *John Bull* knows where his shoe pinches: None of your Esquires shall give him the Law, as long as he wears this trusty weapon by his side, or has an inch of broad Cloth in his Shop.

Nic. Frog. Why there it is, you will be both Judge and Party; I am sorry thou discovereſt so much of thy head-strong humour before these strange gentlemen: I have often told thee it would prove thy Ruin some time or other: Let it never be said that the famous *John Bull* has departed in despite of Court.

J. Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, *Nic.* to turn Barreter in thy old days; a stirrer up of quarrels amongst thy Neighbours? I tell thee, *Nic.* some time or other thou wilt repent this.

But *John* saw clearly he should have nothing but wrangling, and that he should have as little success in settling his Accompts, as ending the Composition. Since they will needs overload my shoulders (quoth *John*) I shall throw down the burden with a squash amongst them, take it up who dares; a Man has a fine time of it among a Combination of sharpers, that vouch for one another's honesty. *John*, look to thyself, Old *Lewis* makes reasonable offers; when thou hast spent the small Pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glorious figure, when thou art brought to live upon *Nic. Frog* and Esquire *South*'s generosity and gratitude: If they use thee thus when they want thee,

thee, what will they do when thou wanteſt them? I ſay again, *John*, look to thyſelf.

JOHN wiſely ſtifled his reſentments, and told the company, that in a little time he ſhould give them Law, or ſomething better.

All. * Law! Law! Sir, by all means, What is twenty-two poor years towards the finiſhing a Law-Suit? For the love of God more Law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your demands how many years more of Law you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly. In the mean while farewel.

CHAP. XVII.

† *How* John Bull *found all his Family in an Uproar at Home.*

NIC. FROG, who thought of nothing but carrying *John* to the Market, and there diſpoſing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that *John* thought himſelf now of age to look after his own affairs. He reſolved to traverſe this new project, and to make him uneaſy in his own *Family*. He had corrupted or deluded moſt of his ſervants into the moſt extravagant conceits in the world; that their Maſter was run mad, and wore a Dagger in one pocket, and poiſon in the other; that he had ſold his Wife and Children to *Lewis*, diſinherited his

* Clamours for continuing the War.

† Clamours about the Danger of the Succeſſion.

Heir,

Heir, and was going to settle his estate upon a *Parish boy*; that if they did not look after their Master, he would do some very mischievous thing. When *John* came home, he found a more surprizing scene than any he had yet met with, and that you will say was somewhat extraordinary.

He called his Cook-maid *Betty* to bespeak his dinner: *Betty* told him, *That she begg'd his Pardon, she could not dress dinner till she knew what he intended to do with his Will.* Why, *Betty*, (quoth John) thou art not run mad, art thou? My Will at present is to have dinner. *That may be* (quoth Betty) *but my Conscience won't allow me to dress it, till I know whether you intend to do righteous things by your Heir?* I am sorry for that, *Betty*, (quoth John) I must find somebody else then. Then he call'd *John* the Barber. *Before I begin* (quoth John) *I hope your honour won't be offended, if I ask you whether you intend to alter your Will? If you won't give me a positive answer, your beard may grow down to your middle for me.* 'Igad so it shall, (quoth Bull) for I will never trust my throat in such a mad fellow's hands. Where's *Dick* the Butler? *Look ye*, (quoth *Dick*) *I am very willing to serve you in my Calling, d'you see; but there are strange reports, and Plain-dealing is best, d'ye see, I must be satisfied if you intend to leave all to your Nephew, and if* Nic. Frog *is still your Executor, d'ye see; if you will not satisfy me as to these points, you may drink with the Ducks.* And so I will (quoth John) rather than keep a Butler that loves my Heir better than myself. *Hob* the Shoe-maker, and *Pricket* the Taylor told him, They would most willingly serve him in their several Stations, if he would promise them never to talk with *Lewis Baboon*, and let *Nicholas Frog*, Linnen-draper,

manage his customers; that they could neither make Shoes nor Cloaths to any that were not in good Correspondence with their worthy Friend *Nicholas*.

J. Bull. Call *Andrew* my Journey-man, How goes affairs, *Andrew?* I hope the devil has not taken possession of thy body too.

Andrew. No, Sir; I only desire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Just as other dead folks do, *Andrew.* This is amazing! *Aside.*

Andrew. I mean if your Nephew shall inherit your estate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himself; I shall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it sure?

J. Bull. Thou mean'st, that I should put him in possession; for I can make it no surer without that; he has all the Law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed possession, as you say, would make it much surer; they say, it is eleven points of the law.

JOHN began now to think that they were all inchanted; he enquired about the age of the Moon, if *Nic.* had not given them some intoxicating *Potion*, or if old Mother *Jenny* was still alive! *No, o'my Faith,* (quoth *Harry*) *I believe there is no* Potion *in the Cask, but a little* Aurum Potabile. *You will have more of this by and by.* He had scarce spoke the word, when another friend of *John's* accosted him after the following manner.

"Since those worthy persons, who are as much "concerned for your safety as I am, have employed "me as their Orator, I desire to know whether you "will

will have it by way of *Syllogism*, *Enthymem*, *Dilemma*, or *Sorites*.

JOHN now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have a *Sorites* by all means; though they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all that are versed in history, that there were two *Sisters* that play'd the Whore two thousand years ago: Therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of intercourse with *Lewis Baboon*: If it is not lawful for *John Bull* to have any manner of intercourse (correspondence, if you will, that is much the same thing) then *a fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the said *John* to make over his wife and children to the said *Lewis*: If his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a Dagger and Ratsbane in his *Pockets*: If he wears a Dagger and Ratsbane, it must be to do mischief to himself, or somebody else: If he intends to do mischief, he ought to be under Guardians, and there is none so fit as myself, and some other worthy persons, who have a Commission for that purpose from *Nic. Frog*, the Executor of his Will and Testament.

J. Bull. And this is your *Sorites*, you say, —With that he snatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandish it; then happy was the Man that was first at the door; crowding to get out, they tumbled down Stairs; and it is credibly reported some of them dropp'd very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the Family.

That any of these Rogues (quoth *John*) should imagine, I am not as much concerned as they

about having my affairs in a settled condition, or that I would wrong my Heir for I know not what! Well, *Nic.* I really cannot but applaud thy diligence; I must own this is really a pretty Sort of a Trick, but it shan't do thy business for all that.

Chap. XVIII.

* *How* Lewis Baboon *came to visit* John Bull, *and what pass'd between them.*

I Think it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not wrote by Sir *Humphrey* himself, but by another very able *Pen* of the University of *Grubstreet*.

JOHN had (by some good instructions given him by Sir *Roger*) got the better of his cholerick temper, and wrought himself up to a great steddiness of Mind, to pursue his own interest through all impediments that were thrown in the way: He began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very considerable progress in politicks, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some

* Private Negotiations about *Dunkirk*.

remains

remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a Foot-ball, or a Match at Cricket; for which Sir *Roger* was sure to take him to task. *John* was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a most thoughtful countenance: his servant brought him word that one *Lewis Baboon* below wanted to speak with him. *John* had got an impression that *Lewis* was so deadly cunning a Man that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: At last he took heart of grace; *Let him come up* (quoth he) *it is but sticking to my Point, and he can never overreach me.*

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur *Bull*, I will frankly acknowledge, that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of back-sword and cudgel-play from my youth, and I now bear in my body many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows. I had as good a warehouse, and as fair possessions, as any of my neighbours, tho' I say it; but a contentious temper, flattering servants, and unfortunate stars, have brought me into circumstances that are not unknown to you. These my misfortunes are heightened by domestick calamities. That I need not relate. I am a poor old batter'd fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace: But, alas! I see but small hopes of that, for every new circumstance affords an argument to my enemies to pursue their revenge; formerly I was to be banged because I was too strong, and now because I am too weak to resist; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppressed when too poor. *Nic. Frog* has used me like a *Scoundrel*; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myself in your hands to dispose of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Master *Baboon*, as to your Usage of your Neighbours, you had best not dwell too much upon that Chapter; let it suffice at present that you have been met with: You have been rolling a great Stone up hill all your Life, and at last it has come tumbling down till it has like to crush you to pieces: Plain-dealing is best. If you have any particular mark, Mr. *Baboon*, whereby one may know when you Fib, and when you speak Truth, you had best tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but since at present I know of none such, it is better that you should trust me, than that I shall trust you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongst us Tradesmen, but Interest; and it is manifestly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may safely trust me, I can assure you.

J. Bull. The Trust I give is in short this. I must have something in hand, before I make the Bargain, and the rest before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To shew you I deal fairly, name your something.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old Boy; thou canst guess.

L. Baboon. * *Ecclesdown-Castle*, I'll warrant you, because it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you shall have it.

J. Bull. I shall have it to m'own self?

L. Baboon. To thy n'own self.

J. Bull. Every Wall, Gate, Room, and Inch of *Ecclesdown-Castle*, you say?

L. Baboon. Just so.

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* *Dunkirk.*

J. Bull.

J. Bull. Every single Stone of *Ecclesdown-Castle*, to m'own self, speedily!

L. Baboon. When you please, what needs more words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old Boy, hast thou laid aside all thy *Equivocals* and *Mentals* in this Case?

L. Baboon. There's nothing like Matter of Fact; seeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talk'st to the purpose; let us shake hands, old Boy. Let me ask thee one Question more; What hast thou to do to meddle with the Affairs of my Family? to dispose of my Estate, old Boy?

L. Baboon. Just as much as you have to do with the Affairs of Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Ay, but my Trade, my very Being was concern'd in that.

L. Baboon. And my Interest was concern'd in the other: But let us drop both our Pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a Master *Bull*, or you a Lord *Strutt*.

J. Bull. Agreed, old Boy; but then I must have security that I shall carry my Broad Cloth to Market, old Boy.

L. Baboon. That you shall: *Ecclesdown-Castle! Ecclesdown!* Remember that: Why would'st thou not take it when it was offer'd thee some years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, because they told me thou would'st not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monsieur *Bull* be so grossly abused by downright nonsense? they that advis'd you to refuse, must have believed I intended to give, else why would they not make the Experiment? but I can tell you more of that matter than perhaps you know at present.

J. Bull. But what say'ſt thou as to the Eſquire, *Nic. Frog*, and the reſt of the Tradeſmen? I muſt take Care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou haſt but ſmall Obligations to *Nic.* to my certain knowledge: he has not uſed me like a Gentleman.

J. Bull. *Nic.* indeed is not very nice in your Punctilio's of Ceremony; he is clowniſh, as a man may ſay: Belching and calling of Names have been allow'd him time out of mind, by Preſcription: But however, we are engag'd in one common Cauſe, and I muſt look after him.

L. Baboon. All Matters that relate to him, and the reſt of the Plaintiffs in this Law-Suit, I will refer to your Juſtice.

CHAP. XIX.

Nic. Frog's *Letter to* John Bull; *wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his Conduct, with relation to* John Bull *and the Law-Suit.*

NIC. perceiv'd now that his Cully had elop'd, that *John* intended henceforth to deal without a Broker; but he was reſolv'd to leave no Stone unturn'd to cover his Bubble: Amongſt other Artifices he wrote a moſt obliging Letter, which he ſent him printed in a fair Character.

* Dear Friend,

WHEN *I conſider the late ill Uſage I have met with from you, I was reflecting what it*

* Subſtance of the States Letter.

was

was that could provoke you to it, but upon a narrow Inspection into my Conduct, I can find nothing to reproach myself with, but too partial a Concern for your Interest. You no sooner set this Composition a-foot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your very Wishes; and the Affair might have been ended before now, had it not been for the greater Concerns of Esquire South, *and the other poor Creatures embark'd in the same common Cause, whose safety touches me to the quick. You seem'd a little jealous that I had dealt unfairly with you in Money-matters, 'till it appear'd by your own Accounts, that there was something due to me upon the Balance. Having nothing to answer to so plain a Demonstration, you began to complain as if I had been familiar with your Reputation; when it is well known, not only I, but the meanest Servants in my Family, talk of you with the utmost Respect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted your Servants and Tenants to be dutiful; not that I any way meddle in your domestic Affairs, which were very unbecoming for me to do. If some of your Servants express their great Concern for you in a manner that is not so very polite, you ought to impute it to their extraordinary Zeal, which deserves a Reward, rather than a Reproof. You cannot reproach me for want of Success at the* Salutation, *since I am not Master of the Passions and Interests of other Folks. I have beggar'd myself with this Law-Suit, undertaken merely in Complaisance to you; and if you would have had but a little Patience, I had still greater things in reserve, that I intended to have done for you. I hope what I have said will prevail with you to lay aside your unreasonable jealousies, and that we may have no more Meetings at the* Salutation, *spending our Time and Money to no purpose. My Concern for your Welfare and Prosperity, almost*

makes

makes me mad. You may be assur'd I will continue to be

Your Affectionate

Friend and Servant,

NIC. FROG.

John receiv'd this with a good deal of *Sang froid*; *Transeat* (quoth *John*) *cum cæteris erroribus*: He was now at his ease; he saw he could now make a very good Bargain for himself, and a very safe one for other folks. *My Shirt* (quoth he) *is near me, but my Skin is nearer: While I take care of the Welfare of other Folks, no body can blame me, to apply a little Balsam to my own Sores: It's a pretty thing, after all, for a Man to do his own Business; a Man has such a tender Concern for himself, there's nothing like it. This is somewhat better, I trow, than for* John Bull *to be standing in the Market, like a great Drayhorse, with* Frog's *Paws upon his Head.* What will you give me for this Beast? Serviteur *Nic. Frog*, you may kiss my Backside if you please. *Though* John Bull *has not read your* Aristotle's, Plato's *and* Machiavel's, *he can see as far into a Mill-stone as another.* With that *John* began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burst his Sides.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

* *The Discourse that pass'd between* Nic. Frog *and Esquire* South, *which* John Bull *overheard.*

JOHN thought every Minute a Year till he got into *Ecclesdown Castle*; he repairs to the *Salutation*, with a design to break the matter gently to his Partners; before he enter'd, he overheard *Nic.* and the Esquire in a very pleasant Conference.

Esq; South. Oh the Ingratitude and Injustice of mankind! that *John Bull*, whom I have honour'd with my Friendship and Protection so long, should flinch at last, and pretend that he can disburse no more money for me! that the family of the *Souths*, by his sneaking temper, should be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An't like your worship, I am in amaze at it; I think the Rogue should be compell'd to his duty.

Esq; South. That he should prefer his scandalous Pelf, the Dust and Dregs of the Earth, to the Prosperity and Grandeur of my Family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is mistaken there too; for he would quickly lick himself whole again by his Vails. It's strange he should prefer *Philip Baboon*'s Custom to Esq; *South*'s.

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* Negotiations between the E—r and the *D—k* for continuing the War, and getting the Property of *Fl——rs.*

Esq; South.

Esq; South. As you say, that my Clothier, that is to get so much by the Purchase, should refuse to put me in Possession; did you ever know any Man's Tradesman serve him so before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't please your worship, it is a very unusual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your Honour had not a great stock of Moderation and Patience, you would not bear it so well as you do.

Esq; South. It is most intolerable, that's certain, *Nic.* and I will be reveng'd.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is strange, that *Philip Baboon*'s Tenants do not all take your Honour's Part, considering how good and gentle a Master you are.

Esq; South. True, *Nic.* but few are sensible of Merit in this world: It is a great Comfort, to have so faithful a friend as thy self in so critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the World should forsake you, be assur'd *Nic. Frog* never will; let us stick to our point, and we'll manage *Bull*, I'll warrant ye.

Esq; South. Let me kiss thee, dear *Nic.* I have found one honest man among a thousand at last.

Nic. Frog. If it were possible, your Honour has it in your power to wed me still closer to your Interest.

Esq; South. Tell me quickly, dear *Nic.*

Nic. Frog. You know I am your Tenant; the difference between my Lease and an Inheritance is such a trifle, as I am sure you will not grudge your poor Friend; that will be an Encouragement to go on; besides it will make *Bull* as mad as the Devil: you and I shall be able to manage him then to some purpose.

Esq; South. Say no more, it shall be done, *Nic.* to thy heart's content.

John

John all this while was listening to this comical Dialogue, and laugh'd heartily in his sleeve, at the Pride and Simplicity of the *Esquire*, and the sly Roguery of his Friend *Nic.* Then of a sudden bolting into the Room, he began to tell them, that he believ'd he had brought *Lewis* to reasonable terms, if they would please to hear them.

Then they all bawl'd out aloud, *No Composition, Long live Esquire* South *and the Law!* As *John* was going to proceed, some roar'd, some stamp'd with their Feet, others stopt their Ears with their Fingers.

Nay, Gentlemen, (quoth *John*) if you will but stop Proceeding for a while, you shall judge yourselves whether * *Lewis*'s Proposals are reasonable.

All. Very fine indeed, stop Proceeding, and so lose a Term.

J. Bull. Not so neither, we have something by way of advance, he will put us in possession of his Manor and Castle of *Ecclesdown.*

Nic. Frog. What dost talk of *Us*, thou mean'st *Thyself.*

J. Bull. When *Frog* took possession of any thing, it was always said to be for *Us*, and why may not *John Bull* be *Us*, as well as *Nic. Frog* was *Us?* I hope *John Bull* is no more confin'd to Singularity than *Nic. Frog*; or, take it so, the constant Doctrine that thou hast preach'd up for many years, was that Thou and I are One; and why must we be suppos'd Two in this Case, that were always One before: It's impossible that Thou and I can fall out, *Nic.* we must trust one-another; I have trusted thee with

* Proposals for Cessation of Arms, and Delivery of *Dunkirk.*

a great

a great many things, prithee trust me with this one trifle.

Nic. Frog. That Principle is true in the main; but there is some *Speciality* in this Case, that makes it highly inconvenient for us both.

J. Bull. Those are your Jealousies, that the common Enemies sow between us; how often hast thou warn'd me of those Rogues, *Nic.* that would make us mistrustful of one another!

Nic. Frog. This *Ecclesdown-Castle* is only a Bone of Contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it so; for my part I am as peaceable as a Lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you consider the unwholesomeness of the Air and Soil, the expences of Reparations and Servants? I would scorn to accept of such a Quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great man, *Nic.* but in my circumstances, I must be e'en content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really so silly, as to believe the old cheating Rogue will give it you?

J. Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact, I stand and fall by that; I am resolved to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And so relinquish the hopefullest Cause in the World, a Claim that will certainly in the end make thy Fortune for ever.

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchase it, *Nic?* thou shalt have a lumping Pennyworth; nay, rather than we should differ, I'll give thee something to take it off my hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou would'st but moderate that hasty, impatient temper of thine, thou should'st quickly see a better thing than all that. What should'st

should'st thou think to find old *Lewis* turn'd out of his paternal Estates, and Mansion-house of * *Clay-pool*? Would not that do thy heart good, to see thy old Friend *Nic. Frog* Lord of *Clay-pool*? then thou and thy Wife and Children should walk in my Gardens, buy Toys, drink Lemonade, and now and then we should have a Country Dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve see my self in *Ecclesdown-Castle*, as thee in *Clay-pool*. I tell you again, *Lewis* gives this as a Pledge of his Sincerity; if you won't stop Proceeding to hear him, I will.

CHAP. XXI.

† *The rest of* Nick's *Fetches to keep* John *out of* Ecclesdown-Castle.

WHEN *Nic.* could not dissuade *John* by Argument, he try'd to move his Pity; he pretended to be sick and like to die, that he should leave his Wife and Children in a starving condition, if *John* did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the Room, far less capable to look after such a troublesome business as this Law-Suit, and therefore begged that his good Friend would not leave him. When he saw that *John* was still inexorable,

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* Clay-pool, *P——s. Lutetia.*

† Attempts to hinder the Cessation, and taking Possession of *Dunkirk*.

he

he pulled out a Case-knife, with which he used to snicker-snee, and threatened to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the Knife to his Wind-pipe with a most determined threatning Air. "What signifies "Life (quoth he) in this languishing condition? It "will be some pleasure that my Friends will re-"venge my Death upon this barbarous Man, that "has been the Cause of it." All this while *John* look'd sedate and calm, neither offering in the least to snatch the Knife, nor stop his Blow, trusting to the tenderness *Nic.* had for his own person: when he perceiv'd that *John* was immoveable in his purpose, he apply'd himself to *Lewis*.

"Art thou (quoth he) turned Bubble in thy old "age, from being a Sharper in thy youth? What "occasion hast thou to give up *Ecclesdown Castle* to "*John Bull?* his Friendship is not worth a Rush; "give it me, and I'll make it worth thy while. If "thou dislikest that Proposition, keep it thyself, I'd "rather thou shouldest have it than he. If thou "hearkenest not to my Advice, take what follows; "Esquire *South* and I will go on with our Law-"Suit in spite of *John Bull*'s teeth."

L. Baboon. Monsieur *Bull* has used me like a Gentleman, and I am resolved to make good my Promise, and trust him for the Consequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating Fool —— With that, *Nic.* bounc'd up with a Spring equal to that of one of your nimblest Tumblers or Rope-dancers, and fell foul upon *John Bull*, to snatch the * *Cudgel he had in his hand*, that he might thwack *Lewis* with it: *John* held it fast, so

* The Army.

that

that there was no wrenching it from him. At last 'Squire *South* buckled too, to assist his friend *Nic*: *John* hauled on one side, and they two on the other; Sometimes they were like to pull *John* over; then it went all of a sudden again on *John*'s side; so they went see-sawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glasses, and tobacco pipes: The wine and the tobacco were all spilt about the room, and the little fellows were almost trod under foot, till more of the Tradesmen joining with *Nic.* and the 'Squire, *John* was hardly able to pull against them all, yet would he never quit hold of his trusty cudgel: which by the contrary force of two so great powers * broke short in his hands. *Nic.* seized the longer end, and with it began to bastinado old *Lewis*, who had slunk into a corner, waiting the event of this squabble. *Nic.* came up to him with an insolent menacing air, so that the old fellow was forced to shuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung-cart. He call'd to *Nic.* "Thou insolent jackanapes! Time "was when thou durst not have used me so, thou "now takest me unprovided, but, old and infirm "as I am, I shall find a weapon by and by to cha-"stise thy impudence.

When *John Bull* had recovered his breath, he began to parly with *Nic.* "Friend *Nic.* I am glad to "find thee so strong after thy great complaints: Real-"ly thy motions, *Nic.* are pretty vigorous for a "consumptive man. As for thy worldly affairs,

* The Separation of the Army.

"*Nic.* if it can do thee any service, I freely make over "to thee this *profitable Law-Suit*, and I desire all these "gentlemen to bear witness to this my act and deed. "Yours be all the gain, as mine has been the charges; I have bought it to hear finely: However, "all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, than "shalt have it with all its appurtenances, I ask no"thing but leave to go home.

Nic. Frag. The counsel are fund, and all things prepared for a trial, than shalt be forced to fund the issue: It shall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine: Go home if thou canst, the gates are shut, * the turnpikes locked, and the roads barricado'd.

J. Bull. Even these very ways, *Nic.* that thou tolldst me, were as open to me as thyself? if I can't pass with my own equipage, What can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denyd passage through those very grounds that I have purchased with my own Money; however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may save me in some stead.

JOHN BULL was so overjoyed that he was going to take possession of *Eschelbeck*, that nothing could vex him. *Nic.* (quoth he) *I am just a going to look that, cast a kind Look upon me at parting.*

NIC. looked sowre and grum, and would not open his mouth.

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* Difficulty of the March of Part of the Army to *Dunkirk*.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. *I wish thee all the success that thy heart can desire, and that these honest gentlemen of the Long Robe may have their hearty fill of Law.*

NIC. could stand it no longer, but flung out of the room with disdain, and beckon'd the Lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. *Stay, stay Nic. not one pair Smile yet parting; won't you shake your day-day, Nic. Stay Nic.* With that *John* march'd out of the common road across the Country, to take possession of *Ecclefdown.*

CHAP. XXII.

Of the great Joy that John *express'd when he got Possession of* Ecclefdown.

WHEN *John* had got into his Castle, he seem'd like *Ulysses* upon his Plank after he had been wash'd in salt-water; who, (as *Homer* says) was as glad as a Judge going to sit down to dinner, after hearing a long Cause upon the Bench. I dare say *John Bull's* joy was equal to that of either of the two; he skipp'd from room to room; ran up stairs and down stairs from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peep'd into every cranny; sometimes he admir'd

* *Dunkirk.*

the beauty of the architecture, and the vast solidity of the Mason's work; at other times he commended the symmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walk'd about the gardens; he bathed himself in the canal, swimming, diving and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white swan. The Hall resounded with the sprightly Violin, and the martial hautboy. The Family tript it about and caper'd, like *Hail-stones bounding from a Marble Floor.* Wine, Ale and *October* flew about as plentifully as kennel-water: Then a frolick took *John* in the head to call up some of *Nic Frog's Pensioners* that had been so mutinous in his Family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to see your Master in *Ecclesdown-Castle.*

All. Yes, indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad?

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me that you are so.

Then they began to damn and sink their souls to the lowest pit of hell, if any person in the world rejoyc'd more than they did.

J. Bull. Now hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured Rascals; however, take this Bumper of *October* to your Master's Health.

Then *John* got upon the Battlements, and looking over, he called to *Nic. Frog*:

"How d'ye do, *Nic.*? D'ye see where I am, "*Nic.*? I hope the *Cause* goes on swimmingly, "*Nic.* When dost thou intend to go to *Clay-*"*pool, Nic.*? Wilt thou buy there some high heads "of the newest Cut for my Daughters? How "comest thou to go with thy arm ty'd up? Has

old

" old *Lewis* given thee a Rap over thy Fingers-ends?
" Thy Weapon was a good one when I wielded it,
" but the butt-end remains in my hands. I am so
" busy in packing up my Goods, that I have no
" time to talk with thee any longer. It would do
" thy heart good to see what Waggon-loads I am
" preparing for Market. If thou wanteſt any good
" Office of mine, for all that has happen'd, I will uſe
" thee well *Nic.* B'uy *Nic.*

POST SCRIPT.

IT has been disputed among the *Literati* of *Grubstreet*, whether Sir *Humphry* proceeded any farther into the History of *John Bull*. By diligent Enquiry we have found the Titles of some Chapters, which appear to be a Continuation of it; and are as follow.

Chap. I. *How* John *was made angry with the* Articles of Agreement. *How he kick'd the Parchment through the House, up Stairs and down Stairs, and put himself in a great Heat thereby.*

Chap. II. *How in his Passion he was going to cut off Sir* Roger's *Head with a* Cleaver. *Of the strange manner of Sir* Roger's *escaping the Blow, by* laying his Head upon the Dresser.

Chap. III. *How some of* John's *Servants attempted to scale his House with Rope-Ladders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the same.*

Chap. IV. *Of the Methods by which* John *endeavour'd to preserve the Peace amongst his Neigh-*

Neighbours: How he kept a pair of Still-yards *to weigh them; and by Diet, Purging, Vomiting and Bleeding, try'd to bring them to* equal Bulk *and* Strength.

Chap. V. *Of false Accounts of the* Weights *given in by some of the* Journeymen; *and of the* New market *Tricks, that were practis'd at the Still-yards.*

Chap. VI. *How* John's *new Journeymen brought him other-guess Accounts of the Still-yards.*

Chap. VII. *How Sir* * Swain Northy *was by Bleeding, Purging, and a Steel-diet, brought into a* Consumption; *and how* John *was forced afterwards to give him the* Gold Cordial.

Chap. VIII. *How* † Peter Bear *was* over-fed, *and afterwards refused to submit to the Course of Physick.*

Chap. IX. *How* John *pamper'd Esquire* South *with Tit-bits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with* Calabrian *Wine, and long'd for* Sicilian *Beef, and how* John *carried him thither in his Barge.*

Chap. X. *How the Esq; from a foul-feeder, grew dainty: How he long'd for* Mango's, Spices, *and* Indian Birds-Nests, *&c. and could not* sleep *but in a* Chints *Bed.*

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* King of *Sw——en.* † Ca. *M——y.*

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* The O——*nd* Company.

Chap. XVII. *A Discourse of the delightful Game of* Quadrille. *How* Lewis Baboon *attempted to play a Game* Solo *in Clubs, and was beasted: How* John *call'd* Lewis *for his King, and was afraid that his own Partner should have too many Tricks: And how the Success and Skill of Quadrille depends upon calling a right King.*

THE

THE

CONTENTS.

Chap.

PART II.

PRO-

PROPOSALS for printing a very Curious Discourse, entitled, ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ; or, *The Art of* POLITICAL LYING.

THERE is now in the Press, a curious Piece, intitled, Ψευδολογία Πολιτική; or, *The Art of Political Lying*: Consisting of Two Volumes in *Quarto*.

The PROPOSALS are,

I. *That if the Author meets with suitable Encouragement, he intends to deliver the first Volume to the Subscribers by* Hilary Term *next.*

II. *The Price of both Volumes will be, to the Subscribers, Fourteen Shillings, Seven whereof are to be paid down, and the other Seven at the Delivery of the Second Volume.*

III. *Those that Subscribe for Six, shall have a Seventh* gratis; *which reduces the Price to less than Six Shillings a Volume.*

IV. *That the Subscribers shall have their Names and Places of Abode printed at length.*

For

For the Encouragement of so useful a Work, it is thought fit the Publick should be informed of the Contents of the first Volume, by one who has with great Care perus'd the Manuscript.

The Art of POLITICAL LYING.

THE Author in his Preface, makes some very judicious Reflections upon the Original of Arts and Sciences: That at first they consist of scatter'd theorems and practices, which are handed about amongst the masters, and only reveal'd to the *Filii Artis*, till such time as some great Genius appears, who collects these disjointed propositions, and reduces them into a regular system. That this is the case of that noble and useful Art of *Political Lying*, which in this last age having been enrich'd with several new *Discoveries*, ought not to lie any longer in rubbish and confusion, but may justly claim a place in the *Encyclopædia*, especially such as serves for a Model of Education for an able politician. That he proposes to himself no small stock of fame in future ages, in being the first who has undertaken this design; and for the same reason he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excused. He invites all persons who have any talent that way, or any new discovery, to communicate their thoughts, assuring them that honourable mention shall be made of them in his work.

The

The First Volume consists of Eleven Chapters.

In the *First* Chapter of his excellent treatise, he reasons philosophically concerning the Nature of the *Soul of Man*, and those qualities which render it susceptible of *Lyes*. He supposes the Soul to be of the nature of a *Plano-Cylindrical Speculum*, or Looking-glass; that the plain side was made by God Almighty, but that the Devil afterwards wrought the other side into a cylindrical figure. The plain side represents objects just as they are; and the cylindrical side, by the rules of catoptricks, must needs represent true objects false, and false objects true: But the cylindrical side being much the *larger Surface*, takes in a *greater Compass* of visual rays. That upon the cylindrical side of the Soul of Man, depends the whole art and success of *Political Lying*. The Author, in this Chapter, proceeds to reason upon the Qualities of the Mind: As its peculiar fondness of the *Malicious* and the *Miraculous*. The tendency of the Soul towards the *Malicious*, springs from Self-love, or a pleasure to find mankind more wicked, base, or unfortunate, than ourselves. The design of the *Miraculous*, proceeds from the inactivity of the soul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The Author having established the Qualities of the Mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his *Second* Chapter, to treat of the *Nature* of *Political Lying*; which he defines to be, *The Art of convincing the People of* Salutary Falshoods *for some good End*. He calls it an *Art*, to distinguish it from that of telling Truth, which does not seem to want *Art*; but then he would have this understood only

as

as to the *Invention*, because there is indeed more *Art* necessary to convince the people of a *Salutary* Truth, than a *Salutary* Falshood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are *Salutary* Falshoods, of which he gives a great many instances, both before and after the Revolution; and demonstrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the War so long, without several of those *Salutary* Falshoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a *Political Lye*, in Pounds, Shillings, and Pence. By *Good*, he does not mean that which is absolutely so; but what appears so to the Artist; which is a sufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he distinguishes the good, as it commonly is, into *Bonum utile, dulce & honestum*. He shews you, that there are *Political Lyes* of a mix'd nature, which include all the *Three* in different respects: that the *Utile* reigns generally about the *Exchange*, the *Dulce* and *Honestum* at the *Westminster*-end of the town. One man spreads a Lye to sell or buy *Stock* to greater advantage; a second, because it is honourable to serve his *Party*; and a third, because it is sweet to gratify his *Revenge*. Having explain'd the several terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his *Third* Chapter, to treat of the *Lawfulness* of *Political Lying*; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles, by enquiring into the several rights that mankind have to *Truth*. He shews, that the people have a right to *private Truth* from their Neighbours, and *oeconomical Truth* from their own Family, that they should not be abused by their Wives, Children, and Servants; but that they have no right at all to *Political Truth*; that the people may as well all pretend to be Lords of Manors, and possess great Estates, as to have Truth told them in matters of Government. The Author with great

judgement, states the *several Shares* of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their several Capacities, Dignities and Possessions; and shews you, that Children have hardly any share at all; in consequence of which, they have very seldom any truth told them. It must be owned, that the Author in this Chapter has some seeming Difficulties to answer and explain *Texts of Scripture*.

The *Fourth* Chapter is wholly employed in this Question, *Whether the Right of Coining of Political Lies be wholly in the Government?* The Author, who is a true friend to *English* liberty, determines in the negative, and answers all the arguments of the opposite Party with great acuteness: that as the Government of *England* has a mixture of democratical in it, so the right of inventing and spreading *Political-Lies*, is partly in the *People*; and their obstinate adherence to this just privilege has been most conspicuous, and shin'd with great lustre, of late years: That it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of *England*, to pull down a Ministry and Government they are weary of, but by exercising this their undoubted right: that abundance of *Political Lying* is a sure sign of true *English Liberty*: that as Ministers do sometimes use Tools to support their Power, it is but reasonable that the people should employ the same weapon to defend themselves, and pull them down.

In his *Fifth* Chapter, he divides *Political Lies* into several *Species* and *Classes*, and gives Precepts about the *Inventing*, *Spreading*, and *Propagating* the several sorts of them: He begins with the *Rumores*, and *Libelli famosi*, such as concern the Reputation of men in power: where he finds fault with the common mistake, that takes notice only of one sort, *viz.* the

the *Detractory* or *Defamatory*, whereas in truth there are three sorts, the *Detractory*, the *Additory*, and the *Translatory*. The *Additory* gives to a great man a larger share of Reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to serve some good end or purpose. The *Detractory* or *Defamatory*, is a Lye which takes from a great man the Reputation that justly belongs to him, for fear he should use it to the detriment of the publick. The *Translatory* is a Lye that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another who is in himself more deserving; or, transfers the demerit of a bad action from the true Author, to a person who is in himself less deserving. He gives several instances of very great strokes, in all the three kinds, especially in the last, when it was necessary for the good of the publick to bestow the valour and conduct of *one* man upon *another*, and that of *many* to *one* man, nay, even upon a good occasion, a man may be robb'd of his victory by a person that did not command in the action. The restoring and destroying the publick may be ascrib'd to persons who had no hand in either: the Author exhorts all Gentlemen Practitioners to exercise themselves in the *Translatory*, because the *Existence*, of the things themselves being visible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the publick, but a *false Author*, or a *false Cause*; which is no great presumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the secret springs of things are for the most part unknown.

The Author proceeds to give some precept as to the *Additory*: that when one ascribes any thing to a person which does not belong to him, the Lye ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities: For example, one would not make the

French King present at a Protestant Conventicle; nor, like Queen *Elizabeth*, restore the overplus of Taxes to her Subjects. One would not bring in the *Emperor* giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the *Dutch* paying more than their *Quota*. One would not make the same person zealous for a Standing Army and Publick Liberty; nor an Atheist support the Church; nor a lewd fellow a Reformer of Manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brain'd Coxcomb forward for a Scheme of Moderation. But if it is absolutely necessary that a person is to have some good adventitious quality given him, the Author's precept is, that it should not be done at first in *extremo gradu*. For example; they should not make a covetous man give away all at once five thousand pounds in a charitable generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may suffice at first. They should not introduce a person of remarkable ingratitude to his Benefactors, rewarding a poor man for some good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a service to a person, who is capable still to do him another. A man whose personal Courage is suspected, is not at first to drive whole Squadrons before him; but he may be allow'd the merit of some Squabble, or throwing a Bottle at his Adversary's head.

It will not be allow'd, to make a great man, that is a known despiser of Religion, spend whole days in his Closet at his Devotion; but you may with safety make him sit out publick Prayers with Decency. A great Man, who has never been known willingly to pay a just Debt, ought not all of a sudden to be introduc'd making Restitution of thousands he has cheated; let it suffice at first, to pay twenty Pounds to a Friend who has lost his Note.

He

He lays down the same Rules in the *Detractory* or *Defamatory* kind; that they should not be quite opposite to the qualities the persons are suppos'd to have. Thus it will not be found according to the sound Rules of *Pseudology*, to report of a pious and religious Prince, that he neglects his Devotion, and would introduce Heresy; but you may report of a merciful Prince, that he has pardon'd a Criminal who did not deserve it. You will be unsuccessful, if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his Frugality for the Publick, that he squanders away the Nation's Money; but you may safely relate that he hoards it: You must not affirm he took a Bribe; but you may freely censure him for being tardy in his Payments; because though neither may be true, yet the last is credible, the first not. Of an open-hearted generous Minister you are not to say, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm, with some probability, that he was in an intrigue with a Lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to these precepts; for want of which, many of their Lyes of late have prov'd abortive or short-liv'd.

In the *Sixth* Chapter he treats of the *Miraculous*; by which he understands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In respect of the people it is divided into two sorts, the τὸ φοβερὸν, or the τὸ θυμοειδὲς, *Terrifying Lyes*, and *Animating* or *Encouraging Lyes*, both being extremely useful on their proper occasions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερὸν, he gives several Rules; one of which is, that terrible objects should not be too *frequently* shewn to the people, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary that the people of *England* should be frighted with the *French* King and the *Pretender*

once a year; but that the Bears should be chain'd up again all that time twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary a precept, in bringing out the *Raw-head and Bloody bones* upon every trifling occasion, has produc'd great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the *Animating* or *Encouraging Lye*, he gives the following rules, that they should not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there should be variety of them; and the same Lye not obstinately insisted upon: That the promissory or prognosticating Lyes should not be upon *Dooms Days*, for fear the authors should have the shame and confusion to see themselves speedily contradicted. He examines by these rules, that well-meant, but unfortunate Lye of the *Conquest of France*, which continued near *twenty Years* together; but at last by being too obstinately insisted upon, it was worn threadbare, and became unsuccessful.

As to the *Monsters*, or the *Prodigious*, he has little to advise, but that their comets, whales, and dragons should be *sizable*; their storms, tempests, and earthquakes, without the reach of a *Day's journey* of a Man and a horse.

The *Seventh* Chapter is wholly taken up in an enquiry, which of the *two Parties* are the greatest *Artists* in *Political Lying*. He owns that sometimes the one party, and sometimes the other, is better believ'd, but that they have both very great genius's amongst them. He attributes the ill success of either *Party* to their glutting the Market, and retailing too much of a bad Commodity at once: When there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He proposes a scheme for the recovery of the credit of any *Party*, which indeed seems to be somewhat chimerical, and does not savour of that

sound

sound judgment the author has shewn in the rest of the work. It amounts to this, that the Party should agree to vent nothing but Truth for three months together, which will give them credit for six months Lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almost impossible to find fit persons to execute this Scheme. Towards the end of the Chapter, he inveighs severely against the folly of Parties, in retaining Scoundrels and Men of low Genius's to retail their Lyes; such as most of the present News-writers are, who, except a strong bent and inclination towards the Profession, seem to be wholly ignorant in the Rules of *Pseudology*, and not at all qualified for so weighty a Trust.

In his next Chapter he treats of some extraordinary Genius's who have appear'd of late years, especially in their disposition towards the *Miraculous*. He advises those hopeful young men to turn their invention to the service of their Country, it being inglorious at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious Fox-Chases, Horse-Courses, Feats of Activity in driving of Coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of Peaches, pulling out whole Setts of Teeth to clean, &c. when their Country stands so much in need of their assistance.

The *Eighth* Chapter is a Project for uniting the several smaller Corporations of Lyars into one Society. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole Scheme; what is most remarkable is, That this Society ought to consist of the heads of each Party: That no Lye is to pass current without their approbation, they being the best judges of the present Exigencies, and what sort of Lyes are demanded: That in such a Corporation there ought to be men of all Professions, that τὸ πρέπον, and the τὸ εἰκὸς, that is, *Decency* and *Probability*; may be observ'd as much as possible;

ble: That besides the persons above-mention'd, this Society ought to consist of the hopeful Genius's about the Town, (of which there are great plenty to be pick'd up in the several Coffee-houses) Travellers, Virtuoso's, Fox-hunters, Jockies, Attorneys, old Seamen and Soldiers out of the Hospitals of *Greenwich* and *Chelsea*: To this Society so constituted, ought to be committed the sole management of *Lying*: That in their outer-room there ought always to attend some persons endow'd with a great stock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this Soil and Climate: He thinks a sufficient number of them may be pick'd up any where about the *Exchange*: These are to circulate what the others coin; for no man spreads a Lye with so good a grace as he that believes it: That the rule of the Society be to invent a Lye, and sometimes two, for every day; in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather, and the season of the year: Your *Roaring*, or *Terrifying Lyes*, do mighty well in *November* and *December*, but not so well in *May* and *June*, unless the easterly winds reign: That it ought to be Penal, for any body to talk of any thing but the Lye of the day: That the Society is to maintain a sufficient number of Spies at Court, and other Places, to furnish hints and topicks for invention, and a general correspondence of all the Market-towns for circulating their Lyes: That if any one of the Society were observ'd to blush, or look out of countenance, or want a necessary circumstance in telling the Lye, he ought to be expell'd, and declar'd incapable: Besides the roaring Lyes, there ought to be a private Committee for whispers, constituted of the ablest men of the Society. Here the Author makes a digression in praise of the *Whig-Party*, for the right under-

understanding and use of *Proof Lyes*. A *Proof-Lye* is like a *Proof-Charge* for a piece of ordnance, to try a standard credulity. Of such a nature he takes transubstantiation to be in the Church of *Rome*, a *Proof-Article*, which if any one swallows, they are sure he will digest every thing else: Therefore the *Whig-Party* do wisely, to try the credulity of the people sometimes by *Swingers*, that they may be able to judge to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this Chapter, he warns the heads of Parties against believing their own Lyes, which has prov'd of pernicious consequence of late, both a wise Party, and a wise Nation having regulated their affairs upon Lyes of their own invention. The causes of this he supposes to be too great a zeal and intensenes in the practice of this *Art*, and a vehement heat in mutual conversation, whereby they persuade one another, that what they wish, and report to be true, is really so: That all Parties have been subject to this misfortune. The *Jacobites* have been constantly infested with it; but the *Whigs* of late seem'd ev'n to exceed them in this ill habit and weakness. To this Chapter the Author subjoins a *Calendar* of Lyes, proper for the several Months of the Year.

The *Ninth* Chapter treats of the *Celerity* and *Duration* of Lyes. As to the *Celerity* of their motion, the Author says it is almost incredible: He gives several instances of Lyes that have gone faster than a Man can ride Post: Your *terrifying Lyes* travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour; your *Whispers* move in a narrow vortex, but very swiftly. The Author says it is impossible to explain several *Phænomena* in relation to the celerity of Lyes, without the supposition of *Synchronism* and *Combination*,

Combination. As to the duration of Lyes, he says there are of all sorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are some, which like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good Artists, like people who build upon a short Lease, will calculate the duration of a Lye surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is serv'd.

The *Tenth* Chapter treats of the Characteristicks of Lyes; how to know, when, where, and by whom invented? Your *Dutch*, *English*, and *French* Ware are amply distinguished from one another; an *Exchange Lye* from one coin'd at the other end of the Town: great judgment is to be shewn as to the place where the Species is intended to circulate: very low and base Coin will serve for *Wapping*: There are several Coffee-houses that have their particular stamps, which a judicious practitioner may easily know. All your great men have their proper *Phantateusticks*. The Author says he has attain'd, by Study and Application, to so great skill in this matter, that bring him any Lye, he can tell whose image it bears so truly, as the great man himself shall not have the face to deny it. The *Promissory* Lyes of great men are known by shouldering, hugging, squeezing, smiling, bowing; and their Lyes in matter of fact, by immoderate Swearing.

He spends the whole *Eleventh* Chapter on one simple Question, *Whether a Lye is best contradicted by Truth, or by another Lye?* the Author says, that considering the large extent of the *Cylindrical Surface* of the *Soul*, and the great propensity to believe Lyes in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the properest Contradiction to a Lye, is another Lye. For example; if it should be reported that the Pretender

tender was at *London*, one would not contradict it by saying he never was in *England*; but you must prove by eye witnesses that he came no farther than *Greenwich*, and then went back again. Thus if it be spread about that a great person were dying of some disease, you must not say the Truth, that they are in health, and never had such a disease, but that they are slowly recovering of it. So there was, not long ago, a gentleman who affirm'd, that the Treaty with *France*, for bringing in Popery and Slavery into *England*, was sign'd the 15th of *September*; to which another answer'd very judiciously, not by supposing Truth to his Lye, that there was no such Treaty; but that to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that Treaty not yet adjusted.

The Account of the Second Volume of this excellent Treatise, is reserv'd for another Time.

REASONS

REASONS

HUMBLY OFFERED

By the Company exercising the Trade and Mystery of UPHOLDERS, against Part of the BILL, *For the better Viewing, Searching and Examining Drugs, Medicines, &c.* 1724.

BEING call'd upon by several Retailers and Dispensers of *Drugs* and *Medicines* about town, to use our endeavours against the Bill now depending, *for Viewing*, &c. In regard of our common Interest, and in gratitude to the said Retailers and Dispensers of Medicines (which we have always found to be very effectual) we presume to lay the following Reasons before the Publick, against the said Bill.

That the Company of Upholders *are far from being averse to the giving of Drugs and Medicines in general*, provided they may be of such qualities as we require, and administer'd by such persons in whom our company justly repose the greatest confidence;

sidence: And provided they tend to the encouragement of Trade, and the consumption of the *Woollen Manufacture* of this Kingdom.

We beg leave to observe, that *there hath been no Complaint from any of the Nobility, Gentry and Citizens whom we have attended*, our practice, which consists chiefly in outward applications, having been always so effectual, that none of our Patients have been oblig'd to undergo a second Operation, excepting one Gentlewoman; who, after her first Burial, having burthen'd her husband with a new brood of posthumous children, her second funeral was by us perform'd without any farther charges to the said husband of the deceas'd. And we humbly hope, that one single instance of this kind (a misfortune owing merely to the Avarice of a Sexton in cutting off a Ring) will not be imputed to any want of skill, or care in our Company.

We humbly conceive, that the *Power by this Bill lodged in the Censors of the College of Physicians*, to restrain any of his Majesty's Subjects from dispensing, and well-disposed persons from taking what Medicines they please, *is a manifest Encroachment on the Liberty and Property of the Subjects.*

As the Company exercising the Trade and Mystery of Upholders, have an undisputed Right in and upon the *Bodies* of all and every the Subjects of the Kingdom; we conceive the passing of this Bill, though not absolutely depriving them of their said right, might keep them *out of Possession* by unreasonable *Delays*, to the great detriment of our Company and their numerous Families.

We hope it will be consider'd that there are multitudes of necessitous heirs and penurious parents, persons in pinching circumstances, with numerous

families

families of children, wives that have lived long, many robust aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad understandings, single heirs of great estates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reversionary patents, and reversionary promises of preferments, leases upon single lives, and play-debts upon joint-lives, and that the persons so aggrieved have no hope of being speedily relieved any other way, than by the dispensing of *Drugs* and *Medicines* in the manner they now are; burying *alive* being judg'd repugnant to the known Laws of this Kingdom.

That there are many of the deceased, who by certain mechanical motions and powers are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time by any other well-order'd Government; by want of a due *Police* in this particular, our Company have been great Sufferers.

That *frequent Funerals* contribute to preserve the genealogies of Families, and the honours conferred by the Crown, (which are no where so well illustrated as on this solemn occasion:) to maintain *necessitous Clergy*, to enable the *Clerks* to appear in decent habits to officiate on *Sundays*, to feed the great retinue of *sober* and *malancholy Men* who appear at the said Funerals, and who must starve without constant and regular employment. Moreover we desire it may be remember'd that by the passing of this Bill the Nobility and Gentry will have their *old Coaches* lie upon their hands, which are now employed by our Company.

And we further hope that frequent Funerals will not be discouraged (as is by this Bill proposed) it being the only method left of *carrying* some people *to Church*.

We

We are afraid that by the hardships of this Bill our Company will be reduced to leave their business here, and *practise at York and Bristol, where the free Use of bad Medicines will be still allowed.*

It is therefore hoped that no specious Pretence whatsoever will be thought sufficient to introduce an Arbitrary and Unlimited Power for People to live (in defiance of *Art*) as long as they can, by the Course of *Nature*, to the prejudice of our Company, and the decay of Trade.

That as our Company are like to suffer in some measure by the power given to Physicians to dissect the Bodies of Malefactors, we humbly hope that the Manufacture of Cases for Skeletons will be reserved solely to the Coffin-makers.

We likewise humbly presume that the interests of the several trades and professions which depend upon ours, may be regarded; such as that of Hearses, Coaches, Coffins, Epitaphs, and Bell-ropes, Stone-cutters, Feather-men and Bell-ringers; and especially the Manufacturers of Crapes; and the Makers *of Snuff*, who use great quantities of old Coffins, and who, consider'd in the Consumption of their Drugs, employ by far the greatest number of hands of any Manufacture of the Kingdom.

To the Right Honourable

The Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London.

The Humble Petition

OF THE

Colliers, Cooks, Cook-Maids, Blacksmiths, Jackmakers, Brasiers; and Others,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain *Virtuosi* disaffected to the Government, and to the Trade and Prosperity of this Kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of the Catoptrical Victuallers, have presumed, by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the *Sun-Beams*, by the help of certain *Glasses*, to make, produce, and kindle up several new *Focus*'s or Fires within these his Majesty's dominions, and thereby to boil, bake, stew, fry, and dress all sorts of Victuals and Provisions, to brew,

brew, diſtil Spirits, ſmelt Oar, and in general, to perform all the offices of Culinary Fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themſelves the monopoly of this their ſaid invention. We beg leave humbly to repreſent to your honours,

That ſuch Grant or Patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your Petitioners, their wives, children, ſervants, and trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the ſaid invention, but warming of Cellars and dreſſing of Suppers in the winter-time. That the aboliſhing ſo conſiderable a Branch of the Coaſting Trade as that of the Colliers, will deſtroy the *Navigation* of this Kingdom. That whereas the ſaid *Catoptrical Victuallers* talk of making uſe of the *Moon* by night, as of the *Sun* by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of *Tallow-Chandlers*; and impair a very conſiderable Branch of the *Revenue* which ariſes from the *Tax* upon Tallow and Candles.

That the ſaid *Catoptrical Victuallers* do profane the Emanations of that glorious Luminary the *Sun*, which is appointed to *Rule the Day*, and not to *Roaſt Mutton*. And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary to the known Laws of this Kingdom, to confine, foreſtall, and monopolize the Beams of the Sun. And whereas the ſaid *Catoptrical Victuallers* have undertaken by Burning-glaſſes made of Ice, to roaſt an Ox upon the *Thames* next winter: We conceive all ſuch Practices to be an Encroachment upon the Rights and Privileges of the *Company* of *Watermen*.

That the diverſity of Expoſition of the ſeveral Kitchens in this great City, whereby ſome receive the Rays of the Sun ſooner, and others later, will occaſion great irregularity as to the *Time of Dining* of

the ſeveral Inhabitants, and conſequently great uncertainty and confuſion in the diſpatch of buſineſs: And to thoſe who, by reaſon of their Northern Expoſition, will be ſtill forced to be at the expences of Culinary Fires, it will reduce the price of their Manufacture to ſuch inequality as is inconſiſtent with common juſtice: And the ſame inconveniency will affect *Landlords* in the *Value* of their *Rents*.

That the uſe of the ſaid Glaſſes will oblige Cooks, and Cook-maids to ſtudy Opticks and Aſtronomy, in order to know the due diſtances of the ſaid *Focus*'s or Fires, and to adjuſt the poſition of their Glaſſes to the ſeveral altitudes of the Sun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the ſeaſons of the year; which ſtudies, at theſe years, will be highly troubleſome to the ſaid Cooks and Cook-maids, not to ſay any thing of the utter incapacity of ſome of them to go through with ſuch difficult arts; or (which is ſtill a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of *Cookery* into the hands of Aſtronomers and Glaſs-grinders, perſons utterly unſkill'd in other parts of that profeſſion, to the great detriment of the *Health* of his Majeſty's good Subjects.

That it is known by experience, that Meat roaſted with Sun-beams is extreamly unwholeſome; witneſs ſeveral that have dy'd ſuddenly after eating the proviſions of the ſaid *Catoptrical Victuallers*; foraſmuch as the Sun-beams taken inwardly, render the humours too hot and aduſt, occaſion great ſweatings, and dry up the rectual moiſture.

That Sun-beams taken *inwardly*, ſhed a malignant influence upon the *Brain*, by their natural tendency towards the *Moon*; and produce madneſs and diſtraction at the time of the full moon. That the conſtant uſe of ſo great quantities of this *Inward Light*,

will

will occasion the growth of *Quakerism*, to the danger of the *Church*; and *Poetry* to the danger of the State.

That the influences of the Constellations, through which the Sun passes, will with his Beams, be conveyed into the *Blood*; and when the Sun is among the horned Signs, may produce such a spirit of *Unchastity*, as is dangerous to the honour of your worships families.

That mankind living much upon the Seeds and other parts of Plants, these being impregnated with the Sun-beams, may *vegetate* and *grow* in the Bowels, a thing of more dangerous Consequence to human bodies than breeding of Worms; and this will fall heaviest upon the poor, who live upon Roots; and the weak and sickly, who live upon Barley and Rice-gruel, *&c.* for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent Physicians, That the Taste and Property of the Victuals is much alter'd to the worse by the said *Solar Cookery*, the Fricasses being depriv'd of the *Haut Gout* they acquire by being dress'd over Charcoal.

Lastly, Should it happen by an Eclipse of an extraordinary length, that this City should be depriv'd of the Sun-beams for several months; how will his Majesty's Subjects subsist in the interim, when common Cookery, with the Arts depending upon it, is totally lost?

In Consideration of these, and many other inconveniencies, your Petitioners humbly pray, that your Honours would either totally prohibit the confining and Manufacturing the *Sun-beams* for any of the useful purposes of life, or in the ensuing Parliament procure a *Tax to be laid* upon them, which may answer both the Duty and

Price of *Coals*, and which we humbly conceive cannot be less than thirty shillings per yard square, reserving the sole right and privilege of the *Catoptrical Cookery* to the *Royal Society*, and to the Commanders and Crew of the Bomb-vessels, under the direction of Mr. *Whiston*, for finding out the Longitude, who by reason of the remoteness of their Nations, may be reduc'd to streights for want of firing.

And we likewise beg that your Honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the Reverend Mr. *Flamstead*, who is the legal Officer appointed by the Government to *look after the Heavenly Luminaries*, whom we have constituted our trusty and learned Solicitor.

It

It cannot Rain but it Pours;

OR,

LONDON strow'd with Rarities.

BEING

An ACCOUNT *of the Arrival of a White Bear, at the House of Mr.* Ratcliff *in* Bishopsgate-Street: *As also of the* Faustina, *the celebrated* Italian *Singing Woman; and of the Copper-Farthing Dean from* Ireland.

And Lastly,

Of the wonderful Wild Man that was nursed in the Woods of Germany *by a Wild Beast, hunted and taken in Toyls; how he behaveth himself like a dumb Creature, and is a Christian like one of us, being call'd* Peter; *and how he was brought to Court all in green, to the great Astonishment of the Quality and Gentry,* 1726.

WE shall begin with a description of *Peter* the Savage, deferring our other Curiosities to some following papers.

Romulus and *Remus*, the two famous wild Men of Antiquity, and *Orsin* that of the Moderns, have been justly the admiration of all Mankind: Nor can we presage less of this wild youth, as may be gather'd

from that famous and well known Prophecy of *Lilly's*, which being now accomplish'd, is most easily interpreted.

When Rome *shall wend to* Benevento,
And Espagne *breaking the* Assiento;
When Eagle split shall fly to China,
And Christian Folks adore Faustina:
Then shall an Oak be brought to bed,
Of Creature neither taught nor fed;
Great Feats shall he atchieve ——

The Pope is now going to *Benevento:* the *Spaniards* having broke their Treaty; the Emperor trades to *China*; and *Lilly*, were he alive, must be convinced, that it was not the Empress *Faustina* that was meant in the Prophecy.

It is evident by several Tokens about this wild Gentleman, that he had a Father and Mother like one of us; but there being no Register of his Christening, his Age is only to be guessed at by his Stature and Countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being so young was the occasion of the great disappointment of the Ladies, who came to the Drawing-room in full expectation of some attempt upon their Chastity: So far is true, that he endeavour'd to kiss the young Lady *W—le*, who for that reason is become the envy of the Circle; this being a declaration of Nature, in favour of her superior Beauty.

Aristotle saith, that Man is the most Mimick of all Animals; which opinion of that great Philosopher is strongly confirm'd by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endow'd with that quality to an extream degree. He receiv'd his first impressions at Court:

Court: His manners are first to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thrust his hand into every body's *Pocket*; to climb over people's *Heads*; and even to make use of the *Royal Hand*, to *take* what he has a mind to. At his first appearance he seiz'd on the Lord Chamberlain's Staff, and put on his Hat before the King; from whence some have conjectur'd, that he is either descended from a Grandee of *Spain*, or the Earls of *Kingsale* in *Ireland*. However, these are manifest tokens of his innate ambition; he is extreamly tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimick quality he discover'd what wild Beast had nurs'd him: Observing children to ask Blessing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a Sow, and mutter'd some Sounds in that humble posture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is *Ulrick*'s natural brother, because of some resemblance of manners, and the officious care of *Ulrick* about him; but the superiority of the Parts and Genius in *Peter*, demonstrates this to be impossible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious physician, who is entrusted with his Education) yet he distinguishes objects by certain Sounds fram'd to himself, which Mr. *Rotenberg*, who brought him over, understands perfectly. Beholding one day the Shambles with great fear and astonishment, ever since he calls Man by the same Sound which expresseth Wolf. A young Lady is a Peacock, old Women Magpyes and Owls; a Beau with a *Toupee*, a Monkey; Glass, Ice; blue, red, and green Ribbons, he calls Rainbows; an heap of Gold a Turd. The first Ship he saw, he took to be a great Beast swimming on

her Back, and her Feet tied above her: The Men that came out of the Hold he took to be her Cubs, and wonder'd they were so unlike their Dam. He understands perfectly the language of all Beasts and Birds, and is not, like them, confin'd to that of one species. He can bring any Beast what he calls for, and no doubt is much miss'd now in his native woods, where he us'd to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and serv'd as a Mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warn'd a Flock of Sheep that were driving to the Shambles, of their danger, and upon uttering some sounds, they all fled. He takes vast pleasure in Conversation with Horses; and going to the *Mewse* to converse with two of his intimate acquaintances in the King's Stables, as he past by, he neighed to the horse at *Charing-Cross*; being as it were surpriz'd to see him so high, he seem'd to take it ill that the horse did not answer him; but I think no-body can undervalue his understanding for not being skill'd in Statuary.

He expresseth his joy most commonly by neighing; and whatever the Philosophers may talk of their Risibility, Neighing is a more noble expression of that passion than Laughing, which seems to me to have something silly in it; and besides, is often attended with Tears. Other Animals are sensible they debase themselves by mimicking Laughter; and I take it to be a general observation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate Monkeys, and Birds: Witness *Harlequins, Scaramouches and Masquerades*; on the other hand, Monkeys, when they would look extreamly silly, endeavour to bring themselves down to mankind. Love he expresseth by the Cooing of a Dove, and Anger by the Croaking of a Raven, and

it

it is not doubted but that he will serve in time as an Interpreter between us and other Animals.

Great instruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of Simples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the Censors of the College in their visitation of Apothecaries shops.

I am told that the new *Sect* of *Herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raise a healthy and moral race, refin'd from the Corruptions of this luxurious world.

He sings naturally several pretty tunes of his own composing, and with equal facility, in the *Chromatick*, *Inharmonick*, and *Diatonick* stile, and consequently must be of infinite use to the Academy, in judging of the merits of their Composers, and is the only person that ought to decide betwixt *Cuzzoni* and *Faustina*.

I cannot omit his first notion of Cloaths, which he took to be the natural skins of the creatures that wore them, and seem'd to be in great pain for the pulling off a Stocking, thinking the poor man was a Fleaing.

I am not ignorant that there are disaffected people, who say he is a *Pretender*, and no genuine wild Man. This Calumny proceeds from the false notions they have of wild men, which they frame from such as they see about the town, whose actions are rather absurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen, who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The Senses of this wild man are vastly more acute than those of a tame one; he can follow the track

track of a man, or any other beast of prey. A Dog is an Ass to him for finding Trousses; his hearing is more perfect, because his Ears not having been confin'd by Bandages, he can move them like a Drill, and turn them towards the sonorous object.

Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and tame, that as this wild Youth, by being brought to Court, has been made a Christian; so such as are at Court, and are no Christians, may lay aside their savage and rapacious Nature, and return to the Meekness of the Gospel.

THE

THE NARRATIVE OF Dr. *Robert Norris*, CONCERNING The *Strange* and *Deplorable* FRENZY of Mr. *J——N D——IS*, an Officer of the Custom-house.

IT is an acknowledg'd Truth, that nothing is so dear to an honest Man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the just vindication of his character, when it is injuriously attack'd by any man. The person I have at present cause to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumstances, it having pleas'd God to deprive him of his senses, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I should be wanting in my duty, not only to my self, but also to my fellow creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, shou'd I suffer my profession or honesty

to

to be undeſervedly aſpers'd. I have therefore reſolv'd to give the Publick an account of all that has paſt between that unhappy Gentleman and my ſelf.

On the *20th* inſtant, while I was in my Cloſet pondering the caſe of one of my Patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which enter'd an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my aſſiſtance her Maſter would be utterly ruin'd. I was forc'd to interrupt her ſorrow by enquiring her Maſter's name and place of abode. She told me he was one Mr. *D—is* an officer of the Cuſtom-houſe, who was taken ill of a violent Frenzy laſt *April*, and had continu'd in thoſe melancholy circumſtances with few or no intervals. Upon this I aſk'd her ſome queſtions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what Regimen to put him, when the cauſe of his diſtemper was found out. Alas, Sir, ſays ſhe, this day fortnight in the morning a poor ſimple child came to him from the Printer's; the Boy had no ſooner enter'd the room, but he cry'd out, *the devil was come*. He often ſtares ghaſtfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator* or *Cato*, or ſome ſuch thing. Now, Doctor, this *Cator* is certainly a *Witch*, and my poor Maſter is under an evil tongue: For I have heard him ſay *Cator* has bewitch'd the whole Nation. It pitied my very heart, to think that a Man of my Maſter's underſtanding and great ſcholarſhip, (who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in Print,) ſhould talk ſo outragiouſly. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horſhoe, which is at this time nail'd on the threſhold of his door; but I don't find my Maſter is at all the better for it; he perpetually ſtarts and runs

to

to the window when any one kocks, crying out, *S'death! a Messenger from the French King! I shall die in the* Bastile.

Having said this, the old woman presented me with a Viol of his Urine; upon examination of which I perceiv'd the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore instantly took my Cane and my Beaver, and repair'd to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near *Choring-Cross*, up *three pair* of stairs, (which I should not have publish'd in this manner, but that this Lunatick *conceals* the place of his Residence on purpose to prevent the good offices of those charitable *Friends* and *Physicians*, who might attempt his cure) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman seated on his bed, with Mr. *Bernard Lintott*, bookseller, on the one side of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have since learnt, calls himself a *Grammarian*; the latitude of whose countenance was not a little eclips'd by the fulness of his Peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale visage, and hang my clothes on somewhat slovenly, I no sooner went in but he frown'd upon me, and cry'd out with violence, '*S'death*, a *French-man!* I am betray'd to the tyrant! who cou'd have 'thought the Queen would have deliver'd me up to '*France* in this treaty, and least of all that you, my 'Friends, wou'd have been in a conspiracy against 'me?' ——— Sir, said I, here is neither plot nor conspiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your senses requires my attendance, and your Friends sent for me on no other account. I then took a particular survey of his person, and the furniture and disposition of his apartment. His aspect was

furious,

furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he roll'd about in an uncommon manner. He often open'd his mouth, as if he would have utter'd some matter of importance, but the sound seem'd lost inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not suffer to be shav'd, believing the modern dramatick Poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the first opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when any thing was spoken, insomuch that he seem'd not to have smooth'd his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrim'd with sweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his stockings fell down to his ankles.

I observ'd his room was hung with *old Tapestry*, which had several holes in it, caus'd, as the old woman inform'd me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers *Tyrants*, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a Tragedy called *Cato*, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *Absurd*, *Monstrous*, *Execrable*, were every where written in such large characters, that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fire-side lay three farthings-worth of small-coal in a *Spectator*, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same Title, which his nurse inform'd me she had convey'd thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black Art; For her Master never read in them, but he was either quite *mop'd*, or in *raving Fits*; There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves very well bound and gilded,

gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe any where else to be found; such as *Gibralter, a Comedy*; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; *the Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*; *an Essay on publick Spirit*. The only one I had any knowledge of was a *Paradise Lost*, interleav'd. The whole floor was cover'd with Manuscripts, as thick as a Pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas Eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of Ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale cover'd with a *Longinus*.

As I was casting my eyes round on all this odd furniture with some earnestness and astonishment, and in a profound silence, I was on a sudden surprized to hear the man speak in the following manner.

" Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as " with your predecessor the famous *Hippocrates*, " whom the mistaken Citizens of *Abdera* sent for in " this very manner to cure the Philosopher *Democri-* " *tus*; he return'd full of admiration at the wisdom " of that person whom he had suppos'd a Lunatick. " Behold, Doctor, it was thus *Aristotle* himself and " all the great antients spent their days and nights, " wrapt up in Criticism, and beset all around with " their own writings. As for me, whom you see " in the same manner, be assur'd I have none " other disease than a swelling in my legs, whereof " I say no more, since your art may further certify " you.

I began now to be in hopes that his case had been misrepresented, and that he was not so far gone, but some timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which with the answers made to me, I shall set down in form

of

of Dialogue, in the very words they were spoken; because I would not omit the least circumstance in this Narrative; and I call my conscience to witness, as if upon Oath, that I shall tell the truth, without addition or diminution.

Doct. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling.

Denn. By a Criticism.

Doct. A Criticism! that's a Distemper I never read of.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, a Distemper! It is no Distemper, but a noble Art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it; and are you a Doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain.

Doct. What made you sit so many hours, Sir?

Denn. *Cato*, Sir.

Doct. Sir, I speak of your Distemper, what gave you this Tumour?

Denn. *Cato, Cato, Cato.**

Old Woman. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil Spirit, 'tis the whole cause of his madness: Alas, poor Master's just falling into his Fits.

Mr. *Lintott.* Fits! Z——— what Fits! A Man may well have swellings in his legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the *Remarks*.

Doct. The *Remarks!* what are those?

Denn. S'Death! have you never read my Re-

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* *Remarks on* Cato, *publish'd by Mr.* D. *in the Year* 1712.

marks?

marks! I will be damn'd if this dog *Lintott* ever publish'd my advertisements.

Mr. *Lint.* Z—! I publish'd advertisement upon advertisement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault; but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book, as con'd be done for any book in Christendom.

Doct. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear those are the fuel that feed his *Delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this discourse.

I desire a word in private with this other gentleman, who seems a grave and sensible Man: I suppose, Sir, you are his Apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What Regimen have you observ'd since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage of *Celsus*, which says, if the Patient on the third day, have an interval, suspend the Medicaments at night? Let fumigations be used to coroborate the Brain; I hope you have upon no account promoted Sternutation by Hellebore.

Gent. Sir, no such matter, you utterly mistake.

Dr. Mistake: Am I not a Physician? And shall an Apothecary dispute my *Nostrums* —— You may perhaps have fill'd up a prescription or two of *Ratcliff*'s which chanced to succeed, and with that very prescription injudiciously prescrib'd to different constitutions, have destroy'd a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, Medicus solus prescribat.* Fumigate him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an Interval.

Denn. S'Death, Sir, my friend an Apothecary! a base Mechanic! He who, like my self, professes the noblest Sciences in the Universe, Criticism and Poetry. Can you think I would submit my writings to the judgment of an Apothecary! By the Immortals, he himself inserted three whole Paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Publick Spirit*, nay, assisted me in my description of the *Furies, and infernal Regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr. *Lintott.* He is an Author; you mistake the gentleman, Doctor, he has been an Author these twenty years, to his bookseller's knowledge, and no Man's else.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall Poetry fall to the ground? Must our reputation be lost to all foreign countries? O Destruction! Perdition! **Opera! Opera!* As Poetry once rais'd Cities, so when Poetry falls Cities are overturn'd, and the World is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. *Lintott*, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no mischief.

Denn. O I am sick, sick to death!

Dr. That is a good Symptom, a very good Symptom. To be sick to death (say the modern Physicians) is an excellent Symptom. When a Patient is sensible of his pain, 'tis half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am sick of the *Sentiments* of the *Diction*, of the *Prota-*

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* *He wrote a Treatise proving the Decay of Publick Spirit to proceed from* Italian *Opera's.*

sis,

sis, of the *Epitasis*, and the *Catastrophe* —— Alas, what is become of the *Drama*, the *Drama*?

Old Wom. The *Dram*, Sir? Mr. *Lintott* drank up all the gin just now; but I'll go fetch more presently!

Denn. O shameful Want, scandalous Omission! By all the immortals, here is no *Peripætia*, no change of fortune in the Tragedy; Z— no change at all.

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir be not angry, I'll fetch *Change*.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman, his Fit increases, good Mr. *Lintott* hold him.

Mr. *Lintott.* Plague on't! I am damnably afraid they are in the right of it; and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really mad, who the devil will buy the *Remarks*?

[*Here Mr.* Lintott *scratch'd his Head.*]

Doct. Sir, I shall order you the cold Bath to-morrow —— Mr. *Lintott*, you are a sensible man; pray send for Mr. *Verdier*'s servant, and as you are a friend to the Patient, be so kind as to stay this evening whilst he is cupp'd on the head. The symptoms of his madness seem to be desperate; for *Avicen* says, that if learning be [illegible]'d with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments till it be totally exhausted. We must eradicate these undigested ideas out of the *Peretranium*, and reduce the Patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Denn. Caitiffs stand off, unhand me, Miscreants! Is the man whose whole endeavours are to bring the town to reason mad? Is the man who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity mad? Dares

any one assert there is a *Peripætia* in that vile piece that's foisted upon the town for a Dramatick Poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See *Longinus* in my right hand, and *Aristotle* in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that support them. Am I to be assassinated; and shall a bookseller, who hath liv'd upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support?

Gent. By your leave, Gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I must not see my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than my self: I am also of the same opinion as to the *Peripætia* —— Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I would conceive you to be a graduate Physician; but by your indecent and boisterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent sort of *Person*, I am loath to say *Quack*, who rather than his drugs should lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them, by cramming them into the mouths of others: The gentleman is of good condition, sound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to resent these Proceedings.

THESE were all the words that pass'd among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being necessary we should make use of force in the cure of my Patient.

I privately whisper'd the old woman to go to Mr. *Verdier*'s in *Long-Acre*, with orders to come immediately with Cupping-glasses; in the mean time, by the assistance of Mr. *Lintott*, we lock'd his friend into a closet, (who 'tis plain from his

last

last speech was likewise touch'd in his intellects) after which we bound our Lunatick hand and foot down to the bedsted, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithstanding the most tender expressions we could use to perswade him to submit to the operation, till the servant of *Verdier* arrived. He had no sooner clapp'd half a dozen cupping-glasses on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above-mention'd bursting ope the closet, ran furiously upon us, cut Mr. *D—is*'s bandages, and let drive at us with a vast Folio, which sorely bruis'd the shin of Mr. *Lintott*; Mr. *John D——is* also starting up with the cupping-glasses on his head, seiz'd another Folio, and with the same dangerously wounded me in the skull, just above my right Temple. The truth of this fact Mr. *Verdier*'s servant is ready to attest upon Oath, who, taking an exact survey of the Volumes, found that which wounded my head to be *Gruterus*'s *Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr. *Lintott*'s shin was *Scaliger*'s *Poetices*. After this Mr. *John D——is* strengthen'd at once by rage and madness, snatch'd up a Peruke-block, that stood by the bed-side, and weilded it round in so furious a manner, that he broke three of the Cupping-glasses from the crown of his head, so that much blood trickled down his Visage —— He look'd so ghastly, and his passion was grown to such a prodigious height, that my self, Mr. *Lintott*, and *Verdier*'s servant were oblig'd to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. *Lintott* home with me, in order to have our wounds dreſt, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into discourse with him about

the madness of this person, of whom he gave me the following remarkable Relation.

That on the 17th of *May*, 1712, between the hours of 10 and 11 in the morning, Mr. *John D—is* enter'd into his Shop, and opening one of the Volumes of the *Spectator*, in the large paper, did suddenly, without the least provocation, tear out that of No —— where the Author treats of Poetical Justice, and cast it into the street. That the said Mr. *John D--is* on the 29th of *March*, 1712, finding on the said Mr. *Lintott*'s Counter a Book called an *Essay on Criticism*, just then publish'd, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to these two lines;

Some hack at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools at last.

He flung down the Book in a terrible Fury, and cried out, *by God he means me.*

That being in his company on a certain time, when *Shakespear* was mention'd as of a contrary opinion to Mr. *Dennis*, he swore the said *Shakespear* was a *Rascal*, with other defamatory expressions, which gave Mr. *Lintott* a very ill opinion of the said *Shakespear*.

That about two months since, he came again into the shop, and cast several suspicious looks on a gentleman that stood by him, after which he desired some information concerning that person. He was no sooner acquainted that the gentleman was a new Author, and that his first piece was to be publish'd in a few days, but he drew his sword upon him, and had not my servant luckily catch'd him by the sleeve, I might have lost one Author upon the spot, and another the next Sessions.

Upon

Upon recollecting all these Circumstances, Mr. *Lintott* was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for some time; and I doubt not but this whole Narrative must sufficiently convince the world of the excess of his Frenzy. It now remains, that I give the Reasons which obliged me in my own Vindication to publish this whole unfortunate Transaction.

In the first place, Mr. *John D——is* had industriously caused to be reported that I enter'd into his room *Vi & Armis*, either out of a design to deprive him of his Life, or of a new Play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the Stage these four years.

Secondly, He hath given out about *Fleetstreet* and the *Temple*, that I was an accomplice with his Bookseller, who visited him with intent to take away divers valuable Manuscripts, without paying him Copy-money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate Physician, and that he had seen me upon a Mountebank Stage in *Moorfields*, when he had lodgings in the College there.

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much Practice in the City, he reported at the *Royal-Exchange*, *Custom-house*, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign Spy, employ'd by the *French* King to convey him into *France*; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burst from his Confinement to his Relief, he had been at this hour in the *Bastile*.

All which several Assertions of his are so very extravagant, as well as inconsistent, that I appeal to all mankind whether this person be not out of his senses. I shall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this Truth in open Court, if he drives the matter

so far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may restore him to the full enjoyment of his Understanding: So wisheth as becometh a Christian,

Robert Norris, M. D.

From my House on Snow-hill, July *the* 30*th*, 1713.

God Save the Queen.

A full

A full and true

ACCOUNT

OF A

Horrid and Barbarous

REVENGE *by* POISON,

On the BODY of

Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*,

BOOKSELLER;

With a faithful COPY of his

Last WILL and TESTAMENT.

HISTORY furnishes us with examples of many Satyrical *Authors* who have fallen Sacrifices to Revenge, but not of any *Booksellers* that I know of, except the unfortunate subject of the following paper; I mean Mr. *Edmund Curll*, at the *Bible* and *Dial* in *Fleetstreet*, who was yesterday poison'd by Mr. *Pope*, after having liv'd many years

an

an Instance of the mild Temper of the *British* Nation.

Every body knows that the said Mr. *Edmund Curll*, on *Monday* the 26th instant, publish'd a Satyrical piece, entituled *Court Poems*, in the Preface whereof they were attributed to a Lady of Quality, Mr. *Pope*, or Mr. *Gay*; by which indiscreet method though he had escap'd one Revenge, there were still two behind in reserve.

Now on the *Wednesday* ensuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. *Lintott*, a neighb'ring Bookseller, desired a Conference with Mr. *Curll* about settling a *Title-page*, inviting him at the same time to take a whet together. Mr. *Pope* (who is not the only instance how persons of bright parts may be carry'd away by the instigation of the Devil) found means to convey himself into the same room under pretence of business with Mr. *Lintott*, who it seems is the Printer of his *Homer*. This gentleman with a seeming coolness, reprimanded Mr. *Curll* for wrongfully ascribing to him the aforesaid Poems: He excused himself by declaring that one of his Authors (Mr. *Oldmixon* by name) gave the Copies to the Press, and wrote the *Preface*. Upon this Mr. *Pope* (being to all appearance reconcil'd) very civilly drank a glass of Sack to Mr. *Curll*, which he as civilly pledged; and tho' the liquor in colour and taste differed not from common Sack, yet was it plain by the pangs this unhappy Stationer felt soon after, that some poisonous drug had been secretly infused therein.

About eleven a clock he went home, where his Wife observing his Colour chang'd, said, *Are you not sick, my Dear?* He reply'd, *Bloody sick*; and incontinently fell a vomiting and straining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the Contents of his vomiting

miting being as green as grass. His Wife had been just reading a Book of her husband's printing concerning *Jane Wenham*, the famous Witch of *Hertford*, and her mind misgave her that he was *bewitch'd*; but he soon let her know that he suspected Poison, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and reachings, every Circumstance of his Interview with Mr. *Pope*.

Mr. *Lintott* in the mean time coming in, was extreamly affrighted at the sudden alteration he observ'd in him: *Brother* Curll, says he, *I fear you have got the Vomiting Distemper; which (I have heard) kills in half an hour. This comes from your not following my Advice, to drink old Hock in a Morning, as I do, and abstain from Sack*; Mr. *Curll* reply'd in a moving tone, *Your Author's Sack I fear has done my business.* Z——*ds*, says Mr. *Lintott*, *my Author!* —— *Why did not you drink old Hock?* Notwithstanding which rough remonstrance, he did in the most friendly manner press him to take warm water; but Mr. *Curll* did with great obstinacy refuse it; which made Mr. *Lintott* infer, that he chose to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the Symptoms encreas'd violently, with accute pains in the lower belly. *Brother* Lintott, says he, *I perceive my last hour approaching; do me the friendly Office to call my Partner, Mr.* Pemberton, *that we may settle our Worldly Affairs.* Mr. *Lintott*, like a kind Neighbour was hastening out of the room, while Mr. *Curll* rav'd aloud in this manner: *If I survive this, I will be revenge'd on* Tonson; *it was he first detected me as the Printer of these Poems, and I will reprint these very Poems in his Name.* His wife admonish'd him not to think of Revenge, but to take care of his Stock and his Soul: And in the same

same instant, Mr. *Lintott*, (whose goodness can never be enough applauded) return'd with Mr. *Pemberton*. After some tears jointly shed by these humane Booksellers, Mr. *Curll* being (as he said) in his perfect senses though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal Will (Mrs. *Curll* having first put on his Night-cap) in the following manner.

GEntlemen, In the first place, I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new Titles to old Books, putting Authors names to things they never saw, publishing private Quarrels for publick Entertainment; all which, I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, Lords Spiritual and Temporal, Gentry, Burgesses, and Commonalty, to whose Abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications, particularly, I hope it will be consider'd, that if I have vilify'd his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, I have likewise aspers'd the late Duke of *Ormond*; if I have abused the honourable Mr. *Walpole*, I have also libell'd the Lord *Bolingbroke*? so that I have preserv'd that *Equality* and *Impartiality* which becomes an *honest Man* in times of Faction and Division.

I call my Conscience to witness, that many of these things which may seem malicious were done out of *Charity*; I have made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate Authors, whom all other Booksellers refuse. Only God bless Sir *Richard Blackmore*! you know he takes no *Copy-money*.

The

The second Collection of Poems, which I groundlessly call'd Mr. *Prior*'s, will sell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the Advertisements, which I was obliged to publish *against him*: Therefore you may as well suppress the Edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

The *French Cato*, with the Criticism showing how superior it is to Mr. *Addison*'s, (which I wickedly ascribed to Madam *Dacier*) may be suppress'd at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no animosity to Mr. *Rowe*, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect Edition of his Poems without his leave, in Quarto. Mr. *Gildon*'s *Rehearsal*, or *Bays the Younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. *Rowe*; though upon the faith of an honest man, I paid him double, for abusing both him and Mr. *Pope*.

Heaven pardon me for publishing the *Trials of Sodomy* in an *Elzevir* Letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir *Richard Blackmore*'s *Essays* will attone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of these last, (which is near the whole impression, Presents excepted) and let my poor widow have in exchange the sole propriety of the Copy of Madam *Mascranny*.

Here Mr. Pemberton *interrupted, and would by no means consent to this Article, about which some dispute might have arisen unbecoming a dying person, if Mr.* Lintott *had not interposed, and Mr.* Curll *vomited.*]

What this poor unfortunate man spoke afterwards, was so indistinct, and in such broken Accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings, that the Reader is intreated

intreated to excuse the Confusion and Imperfection of this Account.

Dear Mr. *Pemberton*, I beg you to beware of the Indictment at *Hick's Hall*, for publishing *Rochester's* bawdy Poems; that Copy will otherwise be my best Legacy to my dear Wife, and helpless Child.

The Case of Impotence was my best support, all the last long Vacation.

[*In this last Paragraph Mr.* Curll's *Voice grew more free, for his Vomitings abated upon his Dejections, and he spoke what follows from his Close-stool.*]

For the Copies of Noblemen's and Bishop's *Last Wills and Testaments*, I solemnly declare I printed them not with any purpose of defamation; but merely as I thought those Copies lawfully purchased from *Doctors Commons*, at *One Shilling* a piece. Our trade in Wills turning to small account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. *Manwarning*'s *Life*, I ask Mrs. *Oldfield*'s pardon: Neither *His* nor my Lord *Hallifax*'s Lives, though they were of service to their Country, were of any to me: But I was resolved since I could not print their Works while they liv'd, to print their Lives after they were dead.

While he was speaking these words Mr. *Oldmixon* enter'd. *Ah! Mr.* Oldmixon (said poor Mr. *Curll*) *to what a Condition have your Works reduced me! I die a Martyr to that unlucky Preface. However, in these my last Moments I will be just to all Men; you shall*

shall have your third Share of the Court Poems, *as was stipulated. When I am dead, where will you find another* Bookseller? *Your* Protestant Packet *might have supported you, had you writ a little less scurrilously; there is a Mean in all things.*

Here Mr. *Lintott* interrupted. Why not find *another Bookseller, Brother* Curll? and then took Mr. *Oldmixon* aside and whisper'd him: *Sir, as soon as* Curll *is dead, I shall be glad to talk with you over a Pint at the* Devil.

Mr. *Curll* now turning to Mr. *Pemberton*, told him, he had several *taking Title-pages* that only wanted Treatises to be wrote to them; and earnestly desired that when they were writ, his heirs might have some share of the Profit of them.

After he had said this, he fell into horrible Gripings, upon which Mr. *Lintott* advis'd him to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He desir'd his Wife to step into the shop for a *Common Prayer Book*, and read it by the help of a Candle without hesitation. He clos'd the Book, fetch'd a Groan, and recommended to Mrs. *Curll* to give forty shillings to the Poor of the Parish of St. *Dunstan*'s, and a *Week's Wages* advance to each of his Gentlemen-Authors, with some small gratuity in particular to Mrs. *Centlivre*.

The poor man continued for some hours with all his disconsolate family about him in tears, expecting his final dissolution; when of a sudden he was surprizingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid stool, which obliged them all to retire out of the Room. Notwithstanding, it is judged by Sir *Richard Blackmore*, that the Poison is still latent in his Body, and will infallibly destroy him by slow degrees, in

in less than a month. It is to be hoped, the other Enemies of this wretched Stationer will not further pursue their Revenge, or shorten this small Period of his miserable Life.

A FUR-

A FURTHER

ACCOUNT

Of the most

Deplorable Condition

OF

Mr. *EDMUND CURLL*,

BOOKSELLER.

THE Publick is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. *Curll*'s Impoisonment, by a faithful tho' unpolite Historian of *Grub-street*. I am but the Continuer of his History; yet I hope a due distinction will be made between an undignify'd Scribler of a sheet and half, and the Author of a three-penny stitch'd book, like my self.

* *Wit* (sath Sir *Richard Blackmore*) *proceeds from a Concurrence of regular and exalted Ferments, and an Affluence of Animal Spirits rectify'd and refin'd to*

* Blackmore's Essays, Vol. 1.

a degree of Purity. On the contrary, when the igneous Particles rise, with the vital liquor, they produce an abstraction of the rational part of the Soul, which we commonly call *Madness.* The verity of this hypothesis, is justify'd by the Symptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. *Edmund Curll*, Bookseller, hath been afflicted ever since his swallowing the Poison at the *Swan* Tavern in *Fleetstreet*: For tho' the *Neck* of his *Retort*, which carries up the Animal Spirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the said Animal Spirits rise muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon Poison.

The symptoms of his departure from his usual temper of mind, were at first only *speaking civilly to his Customers, singeing a Pig with a new purchased Libel*, and *refusing Two-and-nine-pence for* Sir Richard Blackmore's *Essays.*

As the poor man's Frenzy encreas'd, he began to *void his Excrements in his Bed, read* Rochester's *bawdy Poems to his Wife*, gave *Oldmixon a slap* on the *Chops*, and would have kiss'd Mr. *Pemberton's* A— *by Violence.*

But at last he came to such a pass, that he wou'd *dine upon nothing but Copper-plates*, took a *Clyster for a sobbipt Syllabub*, and made Mr. *Lintott* eat a *Suppository* for a *Radish* with *Bread* and *Butter.*

We leave it to every tender Wife, to imagine, how sorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. *Curll*: At first she privately put a *Bill* into several Churches, desiring Prayers of the Congregation for a *wretched Stationer* distemper'd in mind. But when she was sadly convinc'd that his misfortune was publick to all the world, she writ the following Letter to her good Neighbour Mr. *Lintott.*

A true

A true Copy of Mrs. Curll's *Letter to Mr.* Lintott.

Worthy Mr. Lintott,

'YOU, and all the Neighbours know too well, 'the Frenzy with which my poor man is vi-'sited. I never perceiv'd he was out of himself till 'that melancholy day that he thought he was poi-'son'd in a glass of Sack; upon this, he ran a vo-'miting all over the house, nay, in the new-wash'd 'dining-room. Alas! this is the greatest Adversity 'that ever befel my poor man, since he lost one *Te-'sticle* at School by the bite of a black Boar. Good 'Lord! if he should die, where should I dispose of 'the *Stock?* unless Mr. *Pemberton* or you would 'help a distressed Widow; for God knows he never 'published any Books that lasted above a Week, 'so that if we wanted *daily Books*, we wanted *daily Bread.* I can write no more, for I hear the 'tap of Mr. *Curll's Ivory-headed Cane* upon the 'Counter.——Pray recommend me to your *Pa-'stry-Cook*, (who furnishes you yearly with Tarts 'in exchange for your Papers) for Mr. *Curll* has 'disoblig'd ours, since his Fits came upon him; '—before that, we generally liv'd upon bak'd meats. '—He is coming in, and I have but just time to 'put his *Son* out of the way for fear of mischief: 'So wishing you a merry *Easter*, I remain your

Most humble Servant,

C. CURLL.

'P. S. As to the report of my poor husband's 'stealing a *Calf*, it is really groundless, for he al-'ways binds in *Sheep*.

But return we to Mr. *Curll*, who all *Wednesday* continued outragiously mad. On *Thursday* he had a *lucid Interval*, that enabled him to send a general Summons to all *his Authors*. There was but one Porter who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following Bill of directions where to find 'em. This Bill, together with Mrs. *Curll*'s original Letter, lie at Mr. *Lintott*'s Shop to be perus'd by the Curious.

Instructions to a Porter how to find Mr. Curll's *Authors.*

'AT a Tallow-chandlers in *Petty France* half 'way under the blind Arch: Ask for the *Historian*.

'At the Bedsted and Bolster, a Musick-house in '*Moorfields*, two Translators in a Bed together.

'At the *Hercules* and *Still* in *Vinegar-yard*, a 'School-master with Carbuncles on his Nose.

'At a Blacksmith's Shop in the *Fryars*, a Pinda-'rick Writer in red Stockings.

'In the Calendar-mill-Room at *Exeter-change*, 'a Composer of Meditations.

'At the three *Tobacco-pipes* in *Dog* and *Bitch* 'yard, one that has been a Parson, he wears a blue 'Camblet-coat trim'd with black: my best Writer 'against *Reveal'd Religion*.

'At

'At Mr. *Summers* a Thief-catchers, in *Lewkners* 'Lane, the man that wrote against the impiety of 'Mr. *Rowe*'s Plays.

'At the Farthing-Py-House in *Tooting* Fields, 'the young man who is writing my new *Pastorals*.

'At the Laundresses, at the Hole in the Wall 'in *Cursitors* Alley, up three pair of Stairs, the 'Author of my *Church History* ——— if his 'Flux be over ——— you may also speak to the 'Gentleman who lies by him in the flock-bed, my '*Index-maker*.

'The *Cook*'s *Wife* in *Buckingham* Court; bid her 'bring along with her the *Similes* that were lent her 'for her next new Play.

'Call at *Budge-Row* for the Gentleman you use to 'go to in the *Cockloft*; I have taken away the *Lad-* '*der*, but his Landlady has it in keeping.

'I don't much care if you ask at the *Mint* for the 'old beetle-brow'd Critick, and the purblind Poet 'at the alley over against St. *Andrews*, *Holborn*. 'But this as you have time.

All these Gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed, in Mr. *Curll*'s dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the Gentleman in the Cockloft, his Landlady being out of the way, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* taken down; the other happen'd to be too closely watch'd by the Bailiffs.

They no sooner enter'd the Room, but all of them shew'd in their behaviour some *Suspicion* of each other; some turning away their heads with an air of Contempt; others squinting with a Leer that shew'd at once *Fear* and *Indignation*,

each with a haggard abstracted mien, the lively picture of *Scorn*, *Solitude*, and *short Commons*. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of Vultures, Panthers, and of *Lybian* Leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare: High hung, the bloody Liver tempts their maw. Or as a Housewife stands before her Pales, surrounded by her Geese; they fight, they hiss, they gaggle, beat their wings, and Down is scatter'd as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of Oat, or Tare, or Barley. Such looks shot through the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till *Curll* thus spoke, (but without rising from his Close-stool.)

'*Whores* and *Authors* must be paid beforehand, to 'put them in good humour; therefore here is half 'a crown a piece for you to drink your own healths, 'and confusion to Mr. *Addison*, and all other successful 'writers.

'Ah gentlemen! what have I not done, what 'have I not suffer'd, rather than the world should 'be deprived of your Lucubrations; I have taken 'involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three 'times have I been can'd, once was I hunted, twice 'was my head broke by a grenadier, twice was I 'toss'd in a blanket; I have had boxes on the ear, 'slaps on the chops; I have been frighted, pump'd, 'kick'd, slander'd, and besmitten, —— I hope gen-'tlemen, you are all convinc'd, that this author of 'Mr. *Lintott*'s could mean nothing else but starv-'ing you, by poisoning me. It remains for us 'to consult the best and speediest methods of Re-'venge.

He had scarce done speaking, but the *Historian* propos'd a history of his life. The *Exeter*-Ex-

change-

change gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart *Pindarick*, (says the red-stocking Poet) would effectually do his business. But the *Index-maker* said there was nothing like an *Index* to his *Homer*.

After several Debates they came to the following Resolutions.

'*Resolv'd*, That every member of this Society, 'according to his several abilities, shall contribute 'some way or other to the Defamation of Mr. *Pope*.

'*Resolv'd*, That towards the Libelling of the 'said *Pope*, there be a sum employ'd not exceeding 'six pounds sixteen shillings and nine pence (not in-'cluding advertisements.)

'*Resolv'd*, That he has on purpose, in several 'passages, perverted the true ancient *Heathen* sense 'of *Homer*, for the more effectual propagation of the '*Popish* Religion.

'*Resolv'd*, That the printing of *Homer's Battles* 'at this Juncture, has been the occasion of all the 'disturbances of this Kingdom.

'*Order'd*, That Mr. *Barninelt* be invited to be a 'Member of this Society, in order to make further 'discoveries.

'*Resolv'd*, That a number of effective *Errata*'s be 'raised out of *Pope's Homer*, (not exceeding 1746,) 'and that every gentleman who shall send in one Er-'ror, for his encouragement shall have the whole 'works of this Society *gratis*.

'*Resolv'd*, That a Sum not exceeding Ten shillings 'and Six pence be distributed among the Members of 'this Society for *Coffee* and *Tobacco*, in order to en-'able them the more effectually to defame him in '*Coffee-Houses*.

'*Resolv'd*, That towards the further lessening the 'Character of the said *Pope*, some Persons be de- 'puted to abuse him at Ladies *Tea Tables*, and that in 'consideration our Authors are not *well-dress'd* enough, 'Mr. *C——y* and Mr. *Ke——l* be deputed for that 'Service.

'*Resolv'd*, That a *Ballad* be made against Mr. '*Pope*, and that Mr. *Oldmixon*, Mr. *Gildon*, and 'Mrs *Centlivre*, do prepare and bring in the same.

'*Resolv'd*, That above all, some effectual ways 'and means be found to encrease the Joint Stock of 'the reputation of this Society, which at present is 'exceeding low, and to give their works the greater 'Currency; whether by raising the denomination of 'the said works by counterfeit Title pages, or mix- 'ing a greater quantity of the fine metal of other Au- 'thors, with the Alloy of this Society.

'*Resolv'd*, That no Member of this Society for the 'future mix *Stout* in his *Ale* in a morning, and that 'Mr. *B*— remove from the *Hercules* and *Still*.

'*Resolv'd*, That all our Members, (except the '*Cook*'s wife) be provided with a sufficient quantity 'of the *vivifying Drops*, or *Byfield*'s *Sal Volatile*.

'*Resolv'd*, That Sir *R*——*B*—— be appointed 'to endue this Society with a large quantity of *regu-* '*lar and exalted Ferments*, in order to *enliven* their *cold* '*Sentiments* (being his true Receipt to make Wits.)

These Resolutions being taken, the assembly was ready to break up, but they took so near a part in Mr. *Curll*'s afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him some advice to reinstate him in his health.

Mr. *Gildon* was of opinion, That in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *Belly*, he should get the mum-

my

my of some deceas'd *Moderator* of the *General Assembly* in *Scotland*, to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote against *Antichrist*; but Mr. *Oldmixon* did conceive that the *Liver* of the person who administred the Poison, boiled in Broth, would be a more certain Cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. *Curll*, for these demonstrations of their *Zeal*, a whole pile of Sir *Richard's Essays* on a sudden fell on his head; the shock of which in an instant brought back his delirium. He immediately rose up, overturn'd the Close-stool, and besh-t the *Essays* (which may probably occasion a *second Edition*) then without putting up his breeches, in a most furious Tone he thus broke out to his books, which his distemper'd imagination represented to him as alive, coming down from their shelves fluttering their leaves, and flapping their Covers at him.

Now *G—d damn all Folio's, Quarto's, Octavo's* and *Duodecimo's!* ungrateful Varlets that you are, who have so long taken up my house without paying for your lodging? Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling *Journeymen*; born in *Garrets*, among *Lice* and *Cobwebs*, nurs'd up on *Grey Peas*, *Bullocks Liver*, and *Porters Ale?*—Was not the first light you saw, the *Farthing* candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into *dirty Sheets* of brown paper?—And have not I cloath'd you in double *Royal*, lodg'd you handsomely on *decent Shelves*, lac'd your *Backs* with *Gold*, equipt you with splendid *Titles*, and sent you into the world with the names of *Persons of Quality?* Must I be always plagu'd with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? *Damn ye all*, ye *Wolves* in *Sheeps Cloathing*, *Rags ye were, and to Rags ye shall return.*

turn. Why hold you forth your *Texts* to me, ye paltry *Sermons*? Why cry ye, —at every word to me, ye *bawdy Poems*? —To my Shop at *Tunbridge* ye shall go, by G ——and thence be drawn like the rest of your Predecessors, bit by bit, to the *Passage-House*; For in this present Emotion of my Bowels, how do I compassionate those who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with?

Having said this, and at the same time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity apply'd to that function the unfinish'd Sheets of the Conduct of the Earl of *N*————*n*.

A Strange

A Strange but True

RELATION

HOW

EDMUND CURLL,

of *Fleetstreet*, STATIONER,

Out of an extraordinary Desire of Lucre, went into Change-Alley, *and was converted from the Christian Religion by certain eminent* Jews: *And how he was circumcis'd and initiated into their Mysteries.*

AVARICE (as Sir *Richard* in the third page of his Essays hath elegantly observ'd) *is an inordinate Impulse of the Soul towards the amassing or heaping together a Superfluity of Wealth without the least Regard of applying it to its proper Uses.*

And how the mind of man is possessed with this Vice, may be seen every day both in the City and Suburbs thereof. It has been always esteemed by *Plato*, *Puffendorf* and *Socrates*, as the darling Vice of

of old age: But now our young men are turn'd Usurers and Stock-jobbers; and, instead of lusting after the real Wives and Daughters of our rich Citizens, they covet nothing but their Money and Estates. Strange change of Vice! when the Concupiscence of youth is converted into the Covetousness of age, and those Appetites are now become VENAL which should be VENEREAL.

In the first place, let us shew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of Antiquity have been undone and ruin'd by this deadly sin of Avarice.

I shall take the liberty to begin with *Brutus*, that noble *Roman*. Does not *Ætian* inform us that he received fifty broad pieces for the Assassination of that renowned Emperor *Julius Cæsar*, who fell a Sacrifice to the *Jews*, as Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey* did to the *Papists*?

Did not *Themistocles* let in the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Carthage* for a sum of money, where they barbarously put out the other eye of the famous *Hannibal*? as *Herodotus* hath it in his ninth Book upon the *Roman* Medals.

Even the great *Cato*, (as the late Mr. *Addison* hath very well observ'd) though otherwise a gentleman of good sense, was not unsully'd by this pecuniary contagion; For he sold *Athens* to *Artaxerxes Longimanus* for a hundred *Rix-Dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *Talents* and thirty *Sesterii*, according to Mr. *Demoiver*'s Calculation. *See* Hesiod *in his 7th Chapter of* Feasts *and* Festivals.

Actuated by the same diabolical Spirit of Gain, *Sylla* the *Roman* Consul shot *Alcibiades* the Senator with a Pistol, and robb'd him of several *Bank Bills* and *Chequer Notes* to an immense value; for which he

he came to an untimely end, and was deny'd *Christian Burial.* Hence comes the Proverb *incidat in Scyllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern instance (tho' well known and often quoted by Historians, *viz. Echard, Dionysius Halicarnassæus, Virgil, Horace,* and others) 'Tis that, I mean, of the famous *Godfrey* of *Bulloigne,* one of the great Heroes of the holy War, who robb'd *Cleopatra* Queen of *Egypt* of a Diamond Necklace, Ear-Rings, and a *Tompion's* Gold Watch (which was given her by *Mark Antbony*) all these things were found in *Godfrey'* breeches pocket, when he was kill'd at the Siege of *Damascus.*

Who then can wonder after so many great and illustrious Examples that Mr. *Edmund Curll* the Stationer, should renounce the *Christian Religion* for the *Mammon* of Unrighteousness, and barter his precious Faith for the filthy prospect of Lucre in the present fluctuation of *Stocks.*

It having been observed to Mr. *Curll* by some of his ingenious Authors, (who I fear are not overcharg'd with any Religion) what immense sums the *Jews* had got by *Bubbles,* &c. he immediately turned his mind from the business in which he was educated, but thriv'd little, and resolv'd to quit his Shop, for *Change-Alley.* Whereupon falling into Company with the *Jews,* at their Club at the Sign of the *Cross* in *Cornhill,* they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the *Christian Faith,* which he for some time zealously, and *like a good Christian obstinately* defended. They promised him *Paradise,* and many other Advantages *hereafter,* but he artfully insinuated that he was more inclinable to listen to *present* Gain. They took the hint,

and

and promis'd him that immediately upon his Conversion to their Persuasion he should become as rich as a *Jew*.

They made use likewise of several other Arguments, to wit,

That the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure, was a *Jew*, videlicet, *Solomon*.

That *David* the man after God's own heart, was a *Jew* also. And most of the Children of *Israel*, are suspected for holding the same Doctrine.

This Mr. *Curll* at first strenuously deny'd, for indeed he thought them *Roman Catholicks*, and so far was he from giving way to their Temptations, that to convince them of his *Christianity* he call'd for a *Pork Grisking*.

They now promis'd if he would poison his Wife, and give up his *Grisking*, that he should marry the rich *Ben Meymon*'s only Daughter. This made some impression on him.

They then talk'd to him in the *Hebrew* tongue, which he not understanding, it was observ'd had very great weight with him.

They, now perceiving that his *Godliness* was only *Gain*, desisted from all other Arguments, and attack'd him on his weak side, namely that of *Avarice*.

Upon which *John Mendez* offer'd him an eighth of an advantagious Bargain, for the *Apostles Creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then sold the *nine and thirty Articles* for a *Bull*; but insisted hard upon *Black Puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

Joshua Parrara engaged to let him share with him in his *Bottomrye*, upon this he was persuaded out of his

his *Christian Name*; but he still adher'd to *Black-Puddings*.

Sir *Gideon Lopez* tempted him with *Forty Pound* Subscription in *Ram's Bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *Four Evangelists*, and he was now compleated a perfect *Jew*, all but *Black-Pudding* and *Circumcision*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a Dispensation.

But on the 17th of *March*, Mr. *Curll* (unknown to his Wife) came to the Tavern aforesaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meagre man with a sallow Countenance, a black forky Beard, and long Vestment. In his right hand he held a large pair of Sheers, and in his left a red hot Searing-Iron. At sight of this, Mr. *Curll's* heart trembled within him, and feign would he retire; but he was prevented by six *Jews*, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his Breeches threw him upon the Table, a pale pitiful Spectacle.

He now intreated them in the most moving tone of Voice to dispense with that *unmanly* Ceremonial, which if they would consent to, he faithfully promis'd that he would eat a Quarter of *Paschal Lamb* with them the next *Sunday* following.

All these Protestations availed him nothing, for they threatned him that all Contracts and Bargains should be void unless he would submit to bear all the *outward* and *visible* Signs of *Judaism*.

Our Apostate hearing this, stretched himself upon his Back, spread his Legs, and waited for the Operation: but when he saw the High-Priest take up the *Cleft Stick*, he roared most unmercifully, and swore several Christian Oaths, for which the *Jews* rebuked him.

The

The Savour of the *Effluvia* that issued from him, convinced the old *Levite* and all his Assistants that he needed no present *Purgation*, wherefore without farther *anointing* him he proceeded in his Office; when by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient Victim, he lost five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They finding that he was too much circumcis'd, which by the *Levitical Law* is worse than not being circumcis'd at all, refused to stand to any of their Contracts: Wherefore they cast him forth from their Synagogue; and he now remains a most piteous, woful and miserable sight at the Sign of the *Old Testament* and *Dial* in *Fleetstreet*, his Wife, (poor woman) is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews still keep, and expose at *Jonathan*'s and *Garraway*'s, the memorial of her Loss, and her husband's Indignity.

PRAYER. *(To save the Stamp.)*

KEEP us, we beseech thee, from the Hands of such barbarous and cruel Jews, *who albeit they abhor the Blood of* Black-Puddings, *yet thirst they vehemently after the Blood of* White-ones. *And that we may avoid such like Calamities, may all good and well-disposed Christians be warn'd by this unhappy Wretch's woful Example to abominate the heinous Sin of* Avarice, *which sooner or later will draw them into the cruel Clutches of* Satan, Papists, Jews, *and* Stock-jobbers. *Amen.*

GOD's

GOD's Revenge AGAINST PUNNING.

Shewing the miserable Fates of Persons addicted to this Crying Sin, in Court and Town.

MAnifold have been the Judgments which Heav'n from time to time for the chastisement of a sinful people, has inflicted on whole Nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, 'tis but just the punishment should be general: Of this kind, in our own unfortunate Country, was that destructive Pestilence, whose mortality was so fatal, as to sweep away, if Sir *William Petty* may be believ'd, five millions of Christian Souls, besides Women and Jews.

Such also was that dreadful Conflagration ensuing, in this famous metropolis of *London*, which consumed, according to the Computation of Sir *Samuel Morland*, 100000 Houses, not to mention Churches and Stables.

Scarce had this unhappy Nation recover'd these funest disasters, when the abomination of Play-houses rose up in this land: From hence hath an inundation of Obscenity flow'd from the Court and overspread the Kingdom: Even Infants disfigured the walls of holy Temples with exorbitant representations of the Members of Generation; nay, no sooner had they learnt to spell, but they had wickedness enough to write the names thereof in large Capitals: an Enormity observ'd by Travellers to be found in no Country but *England*.

But when Whoring and Popery were driven hence by the happy *Revolution*; still the Nation so greatly offended, that *Socinianism*, *Arianism* and *Whistonism* triumph'd in our Streets, and were in a manner become universal.

And yet still, after all these Visitations, it has pleased Heaven to visit us with a Contagion more epidemical, and of consequence more fatal: This was foretold to us, first, by that unparallel'd Eclipse in 1714: Secondly, by the dreadful Corruscation in the Air this present year: and Thirdly, by the nine Comments seen at once over *Soho Square*, by Mrs. *Katherine Wadlington* and others; a Contagion that first crept in amongst the First Quality, descended to their Footmen, and infused itself into their Ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occasion the Corruption of our Language, and therein of the Word of God translated into our Language, which certainly every sober Christian must tremble at.

Now such is the enormity of this Abomination, that our very Nobles not only commit *Punning* over Tea, and in Taverns, but even on the *Lord's Day*, and in the King's Chappel: Therefore to deter men from

from this evil Practice, I shall give some true and dreadful Examples of God's Revenge against *Punsters*.

The Right Honourable ——— (but it is not safe to insert the name of an eminent Nobleman in this Paper, yet I will venture to say that such a one has been *seen*; which is all we can say, considering the largeness of his Sleeves:) This young Nobleman was not only a flagitious *Punster* himself, but was accessary to the Punning of others, by Consent, by Provocation, by Connivance, and by Defence of the Evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully spared his Neck, but as a mark of Reprobation *wryed his Nose*.

Another Nobleman of great hopes, no less guilty of the same Crime, was made the punisher of himself with his own hand, in the loss of 500 pounds at Box and Dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incurr'd the heavy displeasure of his aged Grand-mother.

A third of no less illustrious Extraction, for the same Vice, was permitted to fall into the Arms of a *Dalilah*, who may one day cut off his curious hair, and deliver him up to the *Philistines*.

Colonel *F*——, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave into this Sin so early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to speak common sense, he hesitates so as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle, Gentleman, for the same Crime, banish'd to *Minorca*.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful Officer in the Army, turn'd a miserable Invalid at *Tilbury* Fort.

— *Eustace*, Esq; for the murder of much of the King's *English* in *Ireland*, is quite deprived of his

Reason, and now remains a lively instance of Emptiness and Vivacity.

Poor *Daniel Button*, for the same offence, depriv'd of his Wits.

One *Samuel* an *Irishman*, for his forward attempt to *Pun*, was stunted in his Stature, and hath been visited all his life after with Bulls and Blunders.

George Simmons, Shoemaker at *Turnstile* in *Holborn*, was so given to this Custom, and did it with so much Success, that his Neighbours gave out he was a Wit. Which Report coming among his Creditors, no-body would trust him; so that he is now a Bankrupt, and his Family in a miserable Condition.

Divers eminent Clergymen of the University of *Cambridge*, for having propagated this Vice, became great Drunkards and Tories.

From which Calamities, the Lord in his Mercy defend us all, &c. &c.

A Won-

A Wonderful

PROPHECY

Taken from the Mouth of the Spirit of a Person who was barbarously slain by the

MOHOCKS.

Proving also

That the said MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are the GOG and MAGOG mention'd in the *Revelations*,

And therefore that this vain and transitory World will shortly be brought to its final Dissolution.

Breath'd forth in the Year 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WOE to *London!* Woe to *Westminster!* Woe to *Southwark!* and Woe to the Inhabitants thereof!

I am loth to say, Woe to the old and new Churches, those that are built, and those that are not built!

But woe to the Gates, the Streets, and the Houses! Woe to the Men, the Women, and the Children!

dren! for the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES are already come, the time draweth near, and the end approacheth!

Not to mention the near resemblance betwixt the Names of MOHOCK and GOG, HAWCUBITE and MAGOG, (though I think there is a great deal even in that) I shall go on to proceed in my more solid arguments, proving to you not only the Things that are, but also the Things that are not.

The Things that are, are the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES; the Things that are not, are GOG and MAGOG: and yet both the Things that are, and the Things that are not, are one and the same Thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES came, Satan came also among them; and where Satan is, there are GOG and MAGOG also.

They have the mark of the Beast in their foreheads, and the Beast himself is in their hearts, their Teeth are sharp like the Teeth of Lions, their Tails are fiery like the Tales of Scorpions, and their Hair is as the Hair of Women.

Here the Spirit paus'd a while — and thus again proceeded.

Now listen to what is to come.

Those that are in shall abide in, and those that are out shall abide out — Yet those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

Be not dejected — fear not — but believe and tremble.

The

The Lions of this World are dead, and the Princes of this World are dead alſo, and the next World draweth nigh.

That antient *Whig*, the Antichriſt of St. *John*, ſhall lead the Van like a young Dragon, but he ſhall be cut piece-meal, and diſpoſſeſs'd.

The Dragon upon *Bow-Church*, and the Graſshopper upon the *Royal-Exchange*, ſhall meet together upon *Stocks-Market*, and ſhake hands like Brethren.

Shake therefore your Heads, O ye People! my Time is ſhort, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your Repentance, and ſhorten your Iniquities.

Lo! the Comet appeareth in the South! yea, it appeareth exceedingly. Ah poor deluded Chriſtians! Ah blind Brethren! think not that this baleful Dog-Star only ſhaketh his Tale at you in Waggery; no, it ſhaketh it as a Rod. It is not a ſporting Tail, but a fiery Tail, even as the Tail of an Harlot; yea ſuch a Tail as may reach, and be told, to all Poſterity.

I am the *Porter* that was barbarouſly ſlain in *Fleetſtreet*: by the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES was I ſlain, when they laid violent hands upon me.

They put their Hook into my mouth, they divided my Noſtrils aſunder, they ſent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am return'd again to foretel their Deſtruction.

The time is at hand when the Free-thinkers of *Great Britain* ſhall be converted to *Judaiſm*: and the *Sultan* ſhall receive the Foreſkins of *T—d* and *C—s* in a Box of Gold.

Yet two Days, a Day, and half a Day, yea, upon the twelfth Hour of the fourth Day, thoſe Emblems of GOG and MAGOG at the *Guild-Hall*

shall fall to the ground, and be broken asunder. With them shall perish the MOHOCKS and HAWCUBITES, and the whole World shall perish with them.

Here the Spirit disappear'd, and immediately thereupon held his peace.

THE

THE

Country-Post.

From Tuesday, August *the* 12th, *to* Thursday, August *the* 14th.

From the Hen-roost, August the 4*th*.

TWO Days ago we were put in a dreadful Consternation by the advance of a Kite, which threaten'd every minute to *fall upon* us; he made several *Motions* as if he design'd to attack our *Left Wing*, which cover'd our *Infantry*. We were alarm'd at his approach, and upon a general muster of all our forces, the Kitchin maid came to our Relief; but we were soon convinc'd that she had betray'd us, and was in the Interest of the Kite aforesaid; for she twisted off two of our companions necks, and stript them naked: Five of us were also clapp'd in a *close-Prison*, in order to be sold for Slaves the next Market-day.

P. S. The

P. S. The black *Hen* was last night safely deliver'd of seven young *Ducks*.

From the Garden, August *the 3d.*

The *Boars* have done much mischief of late in these Parts, to such a degree, that not a Turnip or Carrot can lie safe in their *Beds*. Yesterday several of them were taken, and sentenced to have a wooden Engine put about their necks, to have their noses bored, and rings thrust thro' them, as a mark of infamy for such Practices.

From the great Pond, August *the 1st.*

Yesterday a large *Sail* of Ducks pass'd by here, after a small resistance from two little boys who flung stones at them; They landed near the Barn-door, where they *forag'd* with very good success: While they were upon this Enterprize, an old Turkey-Cock attack'd a maid in a red petticoat, and she retir'd with *great Precipitation*. This afternoon being somewhat rainy, they set sail again, and took several *Frogs*. Just now arriv'd the *Parson's Wife*, and twenty Ducks were brought forth before her in order to be tried, but for what Crime we know not, however two of them were condemn'd; 'twas also *observ'd* that she carried off a Gosling and three sucking Pigs.

From the little Fort at the End of the Garden, August *the 5th.*

Last night two young Men of this Place made a *Detachment* of their Breeches, in order, as it is thought,

thought, to possess themselves of the two *Overtures* of the said Fort; but at their approach they heard great Firing from the Port-holes, they found them already *Bombarded* by the *Rear-Guard* of *Sarah* and *Suky*, who fearing these young men were come to beat up their *Quarters*, deserted their *necessary* Posts, which were immediately taken possession of, notwithstanding they were much annoy'd by reason of several Stink-Pots that had been flung there the same morning.

From the Barley-Mow near the Barn, August *the 3d.*

It was yesterday rumour'd, that there was heard a mighty squeaking near this place, as of an army of Mice, who were thought to lie in ambuscade in the said Mow: Upon this the farmer assembled together a Council of Neighbours, wherein it was resolved that the Mow should be removed to prevent the farther destruction of the Forage. This day the affair was put in execution, four hundred and seventy nine Mice and three large Rats were killed, and a vast number wounded, by Pitch-forks and other instruments of Husbandry. A Mouse that was close pursued, took shelter under *Dolly*'s Petticoats, but by the vigilance of *George Simmons*, he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep moras, and crush'd to death on the spot. There was nothing material happen'd the next day, only *Cicily Hart* was *observ'd* to make water under the said Mow, as she was going a milking.

From

From the great Yard, August *the 2d.*

It is very credibly reported that there is a Treaty of Marriage on foot between the old red Cock, and the pyed Hen, they having of late appear'd very much in Publick together: He yesterday made her a Present of three *Barley-Corns*, so that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the same Cock that fought a Duel for her about a month ago.

From the Squire's House

On *Sunday* last there was a noble Entertainment in our great Hall, where were present the Parson and the Farmer: The Parson eat like a Farmer, and the Farmer like a Parson: We refer you to the Curious in Calculations to decide which eat most.

It is reported that the Minister Christen'd a Male Child last week, but it wants *Confirmation.*

From the Justices Meeting, August *the 7th.*

This Day a Jack-Daw, well known in the Parish, was ordered close Prisoner to a Cage, for crying *Cuckold* to a Justice of the *Quorum*; and the same Evening certain Apples, for *hissing* in a disrespectful manner as they were *Roasting*, were committed to Lambs Wool. The same day the said Justices caused a Pig to be whipt to death, and eat the same, being convicted of *Squeaking* on the 10th of *June.*

From

From the Church, August *the 8th.*

Divine Service is continued in our Parish as usual; though we have seldom the Company of any of the neighbouring Gentry; by whose manner of Living it may be conjectured, that the Advices from this place are not credited by them, or else regarded as matters of little Consequence.

From the Church-Yuard, August *the 8th.*

The Minister (having observed his only Daughter to seem too much affected with the Intercourse of his Bull and the Cows of the Parish) has ordered the Ceremony for the future to be perform'd not in his own Court, but in the Church-yard; where, at the first Solemnity of that kind, the Gravestones of *John Fry, Peter How,* and *Mary d'Ursey,* were spurn'd down. This has already occasion'd great Debates in the Vestry, the latter being the deceased Wife of the *Singing-Clerk* of this Place.

Casualties this Week.

Several Casualties have happened this Week, and the Bill of Mortality is very much increased. There have died of the *falling Sickness* two stumbling Horses, as also one of their Riders. *Smother'd* (in Onions) Seven Rabbits. *Stifled* (in a Soldier's breeches) two Geese. Of a *sore Throat,* several Sheep and Calves at the Butchers. Starv'd to death, one bastard Child nurs'd at the Parish Charge. *Stillborn* in Eggs of Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Hens, Thirty-six. *Drown'd,* Nine Puppies. Of *Wind in the Bowels,* Five bottles of small-beer. I have not yet

yet seen the exact List of the Parish-Clerk, so that for a more particular Account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the *Stocks*, only that *Dick Adams* was set in them last *Sunday* for Swearing.

A True

A True and Faithful

NARRATIVE

OF

What paſs'd in LONDON *during the general Conſternation of all Ranks and Degrees of Mankind;*

On Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, *and* Friday *laſt.*

ON *Tueſday* the 13th of *October*, Mr. *Whiſton* held his Lecture near the *Royal-Exchange*, to an Audience of fourteen worthy Citizens, his Subſcribers and conſtant hearers. Beſides theſe, there were five chance Auditors for that night only, who had paid their ſhillings a-piece. I think myſelf oblig'd to be very particular in this Relation, leſt my Veracity ſhould be ſuſpected; which makes me appeal to the Men who were preſent; of which number, I my ſelf was one. Their Names are

Henry

Henry Watson, *Haberdasher.*
George Hancock, *Druggist.*
John Lewis, *Dry-Salter.*
William Jones, *Corn-chandler,*
Henry Theobald, *Watchmaker.*
James Peters, *Draper.*
Thomas Floyer, *Silversmith.*
John Wells, *Brewer.*
Samuel Greg, *Soap-Boyler.*
William Cooly, *Fishmonger.*
James Harper, *Hosier.*
Robert Tucker, *Stationer.*
George Ford, *Ironmonger.*
Daniel Lynch, *Apothecary.*

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock,
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft } *Apprentices.*

Mr. *Whiston* began by acquainting us, that (contrary to his Advertisement) he thought himself in duty and conscience, oblig'd to change the subject matter of his intended discourse.—— Here he paus'd, and seem'd for a short space as it were lost in Devotion and mental Prayer; after which, with great earnestness and vehemence he spake as follows.

" Friends and Fellow Citizens, all speculative " Science is at an end: the Period of all things is " at hand; on *Friday* next this world shall be no " more. Put not your confidence in me Brethren, for " to-morrow morning five minutes after five the " Truth will be evident; in that instant the Comet " shall appear, of which I have heretofore warn'd " you,

"you. As ye have heard, believe. Go hence, and "prepare your Wives, your Families and Friends, "for the universal Change."

At this solemn and dreadful Prediction, the whole Society appear'd in the utmost astonishment: but it wou'd be unjust not to remember that Mr. *Whiston* himself was in so calm a temper as to return a shilling a piece to the youths who had been disappointed of their Lecture, which I thought from a man of his integrity, a convincing Proof of his own Faith in the Prediction.

As we thought it a duty, in Charity to warn all men; in two or three hours the News had spread through the City. At first indeed, our Report met with but little Credit, it being by our greatest Dealers in Stocks, thought only a Court-Artifice to sink them, that some choice favourites might purchase at a lower rate; for the *South-Sea*, that very evening fell five *per Cent.* the *India*, eleven; and all the other Funds in proportion. But at the Court-end of the Town, our Attestations were entirely disbeliev'd or turn'd into ridicule; yet nevertheless the News spread every where, and was the subject matter of all Conversation.

That very night (as I was credibly inform'd) Mr. *Whiston* was sent for to a great Lady, who is very curious in the learned Sciences, and addicted to all the speculative Doubts of the most able Philosophers; but he was not now to be found: and since at other times, he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he conceal'd himself to attend the great Business of his Soul: But whether it was the Lady's faith, or inquisitiveness, that occasion'd her to send, is a point I shall not presume to determine. As for his being sent for to the Secretary's Office by a Mes-

ſinger, it is now known to be a matter notoriouſly falſe, and indeed at firſt it had little credit with me, that ſo zealous and honeſt a man ſhould be *treated into Cuſtody*, as a *Seditious Preacher*, who is known to be ſo well affected to the *preſent happy Eſtabliſhment*.

"Twas now I reflected with exceeding trouble and ſorrow, that I had diſus'd Family Prayers for above five years, and (though it hath been a cuſtom of late entirely neglected by men of any Buſineſs or Station) I determin'd within myſelf no longer to omit ſo reaſonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my Wife with my intentions: But two or three Neighbours having been engaged to ſup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily ſpent at Cards, I was prevail'd upon by her, to put it off till the next day; ſhe reaſoning, that it would be time enough to take off the Servants from their buſineſs (which this practice muſt infallibly occaſion for an hour or two every day) after the *Comet* had made its appearance.

Zachary Bower, a Quaker, and my next Neighbour, had no ſooner heard of the Prophecy but he made me a viſit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obſtinate in his unbelief; for, ſaid he, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impoſſibilities, for were theſe things to happen, they muſt have been foreſeen by ſome of our Brethren. This indeed (as in all other ſpiritual caſes with this ſett of people) was his only reaſon againſt believing me; and, as he was fully perſuaded that the Prediction was erroneous, he in a very neighbourly manner admoniſhed me againſt *ſelling my Stock*, at the preſent low price; which, he ſaid, beyond diſpute

dispute must have a a rise before *Monday*, when this unreasonable Consternation should be over.

But on WEDNESDAY morning (I believe to the exact Calculation of Mr. *Whiston*) the *Comet* appeared: For at three minutes after five by my own Watch, I saw it. He indeed, foretold that it would be seen at five minutes after five, but as the best Watches may be a minute or two to slow, I am apt to think his Calculation just to a minute.

In less than a quarter of an hour, all *Cheapside* was crouded with a vast concourse of people, and notwithstanding it was so early, 'tis thought that through all that part of the Town, there was not Man, Woman or Child, except the sick, or infirm, left in their Beds. From my own Balcony, I am confident, I saw several thousands in the street, and counted at least seventeen who were upon their knees, and seem'd in actual Devotion. Eleven of them indeed appear'd to be old women of about fourscore; the six others, were men in an advanc'd life, but (as I could guess) two of them might be under seventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this Nature, may be pass'd over by the greater Historians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling and laying open the deep Schemes of Politicians and Mysteries of State; for which reason, I thought it might not be unacceptible to record the Facts, which in the space of three days came to my knowledge, either as an Eye-witness, or from unquestionable Authorities; nor can I think this Narrative will be entirely without its use, as it may enable us to form a more just Idea of our Countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their Faith, Religion, Morals and Politicks.

Before *Wednesday* noon, the belief was universal that the day of Judgment was at hand, insomuch, that a Waterman of my acquaintance told me he counted no less than one hundred and twenty three Clergymen, who had been ferry'd over to *Lambeth* before twelve a-Clock: these, 'tis said, went thither, to Petition, that a *short Prayer* might be *Penn'd*, and *Order'd*, there being none in the service upon that occasion. But as in things of this nature, it is necessary that the *Council* be consulted, their request was not immediately comply'd with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reason that the Churches were not that morning so well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the fears and consternation of the Clergy, with which the Free-thinkers have since very unjustly reproach'd them.

My Wife and I went to Church (where we had not been for many years on a week-day) and, with a very large Congregation, were disappointed of the Service. But (what will be scarce credible) by the carelessness of a Prentice, in our absence, we had a Piece of fine *Cambric* carried off by a Shop-lifter, so little impression was yet made on the minds of those wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular *Director of the Bank*; I hope the worthy and wealthy Knight will forgive me that I endeavour to do him justice; for it was unquestionably owing to Sir *G— H—*'s sagacity that all the *Fire-Offices* were requir'd to have a particular eye upon the *Bank of England*. Let it be recorded to his praise that in the general hurry, this struck him as his nearest and tenderest concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of all his Books, Bills and Bonds, I was inform'd, his mind was wholly turn'd upon

Spiritual

Spiritual matters; yet, ever and anon, he could not help expressing his resentment against the *Tories* and *Jacobites*, to whom he imputed that sudden *Run upon the Bank* which happen'd on this occasion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employ'd all the *Wednesday* morning, to make up such an account as might appear fair, in case he should be call'd upon to produce it on the *Friday*; but was forced to desist, after having for several hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himself to a resolution to trust the many hundred articles of his secret Transactions upon paper.

Another seem'd to be very melancholy, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of losing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was, the terror of being try'd in a Court that could not be influenc'd, and where a majority of Voices could avail him nothing. It was observ'd too, that he had few Visiters that day; this added so much to his mortification, that he read thro' the first Chapter of the Book of *Job*, and wept over it bitterly; in short, he seem'd a true Penitent in every thing but in Charity to his Neighbour. No business was that day done in his *Compting-house*; 'tis said too, that he was advis'd to restitution, but I never heard that he comply'd with it any farther than in giving half a crown a piece to several craz'd, and starving Creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the *Maids of Honour* sent to countermand their Birth-day Cloaths; two of them burnt all their collections of Novels and Romances, and sent to a Bookseller's in *Pall-mall* to buy each of them a Bible, and *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*.

But I must do all of them the justice to acknowledge, that they shew'd a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and restrain'd themselves from those innocent freedoms and little levities so commonly incident to young Ladies of their profession. So many Birth-day Suits were countermanded the next day, that most of the Taylors and Mantua-makers discharg'd all their Journeymen and Women. A grave elderly Lady of great erudition and modesty who visits these young Ladies, seem'd to be extreamly shock'd, by the apprehensions that she was to appear naked before the whole world; and no less so, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might so much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt answers to the Interrogatories that might be made her. The Maids of Honour who had both modesty and curiosity, could not imagine the sight so disagreeable as was represented; nay, one of them went so far as to say, she perfectly long'd to see it; for it could not be so indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themselves to be seen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them order'd a Bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a Looking-glass to be set by it. So much are these young Ladies both by nature and custom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A West-country Gentleman told me, he got a Church-lease fill'd up that morning for the same sum which had been refus'd for three years successively. I must impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine that any Divine could take the advantage of his Tenant, in so unhandsome a manner; or that the shortness of the life was in the least his consideration; though I have heard the same worthy

worthy Prelate aspers'd and malign'd since upon this very account.

The *Term* being so near, the alarm among the LAWYERS was inexpressible, though some of them, I was told, were so vain as to promise themselves some advantage, in making their defence, by being vers'd in the practice of our Earthly courts. It is said too, that some of the chief Pleaders were heard to express great satisfaction, that there had been but few *State-Tryals* of late years. Several Attornies demanded the *return of Fees* that had been given the Lawyers: but it was answered, the Fee was undoubtedly charg'd to their Client, and that they could not connive at such injustice, as to suffer it to be sunk in the Attorney's pockets. Our sage and learned *Judges* had great consolation, insomuch as they had not pleaded at the Bar for several years; the *Barristers* rejoyced in that they were not *Attornies*, and the Attornies felt no less satisfaction that they were not *Petti-foggers*, *Scriveners*, and other meaner Officers of the Law.

As to the ARMY, far be it from me to conceal the Truth. Every Soldier's behaviour was as undismayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial disposition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more *Oaths* than are requisite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning on the Parade in St. *James's* Park. But possibly it was by choice, and on consideration, that they continued this way of Expression, not to intimidate the common Soldiers, or give occasion to suspect that even the fear of damnation could make any impression upon their superior Officers. A *Duel* was fought the same

morning between two Colonels, not occasion'd (as was reported) because the one was put over the other's head; that being a point which might at such a juncture have been accommodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, 'twas judg'd it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate satisfaction: I am apt to believe that a young Officer who desir'd his Surgeon to defer putting him into a Salivation till *Saturday*, might make this request out of some opinion he had of the truth of the Prophecy; for the apprehensions of any danger in the Operation could not be his motive, the Surgeon himself having assured me that he had before undergone three severe Operations of the like nature, with great resignation and fortitude.

There was an Order issued, that the *Chaplains* of the several *Regiments* should attend their duty; but as they were dispers'd about in several parts of *England*, it was believ'd, that most of them could not be found, or so much as heard of, till the great day was over.

Most of the considerable PHYSICIANS by their outward demeanor seem'd to be unbelievers; but at the same time, they every where insinuated, that there might be a *Pestilential Malignancy* in the *Air*, occasion'd by the *Comet*, which might be arm'd against by proper and timely Medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approach'd, the Christian resignation of the people encreas'd, and most of them (which was never before known) had their Souls more at heart than their Bodies.

If the Reverend CLERGY show'd more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great

Charge

Charge of Souls; and what confirm'd me in this opinion was, that the *Degrees* of *Apprehension* and *Terror* could be distinguish'd to be greater or less, according to their *Ranks* and *Degrees* in the *Church*.

The like might be observ'd in all sorts of Ministers, though not of the Church of *England*; the higher their Rank, the more was their Fear.

I speak not of the COURT, for fear of offence; and I forbear inserting the *Names* of particular persons, to avoid the imputation of Slander, so that the Reader will allow the Narrative must be deficient, and is therefore desir'd to accept hereof rather as a Sketch, than a regular circumstantial History.

I was not inform'd of any persons who shew'd the least joy, except three Malefactors who were to be executed the *Monday* following, and one old man, a constant Church-goer, who being at the point of death, expreſt some satisfaction at the News.

On *Thursday* morning there was little or nothing transacted in *Change-Alley*; there were a multitude of Sellers, but so few Buyers, that one cannot affirm the Stocks bore any certain price except among the *Jews*; who this day, reap'd great profit by their infidelity. There were many who call'd themselves *Christians*, who offer'd to buy *for time*, but as these were people of *great Distinction*, I chuse not to mention them, because in effect it would seem to accuse them both of Avarice, and Infidelity.

The *Run* upon the *Bank* is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten that no one person whatever (except the *Directors* themselves, and some of their particular Friends and Associates) could convert a *Bill* all that day into *Specie*; all hands being employ'd to serve *them*.

In

In the several Churches of the City and Suburbs, there were seven thousand two hundred and forty five, who publickly and solemnly declar'd before the Congregation, that they took to Wife their several *kept Mistresses*, which was allow'd as valid Marriage, the Priests not having time to pronounce the Ceremony in form.

At St. *Bride's* Church in *Fleetstreet*, Mr. *Woolston* (who writ against the Miracles of our Saviour) in the utmost terrors of Conscience, made a publick recantation. Dr. *Mandevil* (who had been groundlessly reported formerly to have done the same) did it now in good earnest at St. *James's* Gate; as did also at the *Temple* Church several Gentlemen, who frequent *Coffee-houses* near the Bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropt dead on the spot; but I will not record their Names, least I should be thought invidiously to lay an Odium on their Families and Posterity.

Most of the *Players* who had very little faith before, were now desirous of having as much as they cou'd, and therefore embrac'd the *Roman Catholick Religion*; the same thing was observ'd of some *Bawds*, and *Ladies of Pleasure*.

An *Irish* Gentleman out of pure friendship came to make me a visit, and advis'd me to *hire a Boat* for the ensuing day, and told me, that unless I gave earnest for one immediately, he fear'd it might be too late; for his Country-men had secured almost every Boat upon the River, as judging, that in the *general Conflagration* to be upon the *Water* would be the *safest Place*.

There were *two Lords*, and *three Commoners*, who, out of scruple of Conscience, very hastily threw up their Pensions, as imagining a Pension was only

only an annual *retaining Bribe*. All the other great Pensioners, I was told, had their scruples quieted by a *Clergyman* or two of distinction, whom they happily consulted.

It was remarkable that several of our very richest *Tradesmen* of the City, in common Charity, gave away Shillings and Six-pences to the Beggars, who ply'd about the Church-doors; and at a particular Church in the City, a wealthy *Church-warden* with his own hands distributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor by way of restitution for the many great and costly Feasts which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great Ladies, a *Valet de Chambre*, two Lords, a Custom-house Officer, five half-pay Captains, and a Baronet, (all noted *Gamesters*) came publickly into a Church at *Westminster*, and deposited a very considerable Sum of Money in the Minister's hands; the Parties whom they had defrauded, being either out of town, or not to be found. But so great is the hardness of heart of this fraternity, that among either the noble, or vulgar Gamesters, (though the Profession is so general) I did not hear of any other restitution of this sort. At the same time I must observe that (in comparison of these) through all parts of the town, the Justice and Penitence of the *Highway-men*, *House-breakers*, and common *Pick pockets*, was very remarkable.

The *Directors* of our *Publick Companies* were in such dreadful apprehensions, that one would have thought a *Parliamentary Enquiry* was at hand; yet so great was their presence of mind, that all the *Thursday* morning was taken up in *private Transfers*, which by malicious people was thought to be done with design to conceal their effects.

I for-

I forbear mentioning the private Confessions of particular *Ladies* to their *Husbands*; for as their Children were born in Wedlock, and of consequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious task to record them as bastards; and particularly after their several husbands have so charitably forgiven them.

The evening and night through the whole town, were spent in Devotions both publick and private; the Churches for this one day, were so crowded by the Nobility and Gentry, that thousands of common people were seen praying in the publick streets. In short, one would have thought the whole town had been really and seriously religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different Persuasions kept by themselves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in Prayer with the other.

At length FRIDAY came, and the people cover'd all the streets; expecting, watching and praying. But as the day wore away, their fears first began to abate, then lessen'd ev'ry hour, at night they were almost extinct, till the total darkness, that hitherto us'd to terrify, now comforted every *Freethinker* and *Atheist*. Great numbers went together to the *Taverns*, bespoke *Suppers*, and broke up whole *Hogsheads* for joy. The subject of all wit and conversation was to ridicule the Prophecy, and railly each other. All the Quality and Gentry were *perfectly asham'd*, nay, some utterly disown'd that they had manifested any Signs of Religion.

But the next day, even the common people, as well as their betters, appear'd in their usual state of indifference. They drank, they whor'd, they swore, they ly'd, they cheated, they plunder'd, they gam'd, they

they quarrel'd, they murder'd. In short, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any instances of what will so easily be credited, but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. *Woolston* advertis'd, in that very *Saturday's Evening Post*, a new *Treatise* against the Miracles of our Saviour; and that the few, who had given up their Pensions the day before, solicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any ministerial point, I am inform'd was readily granted.

FINIS.

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